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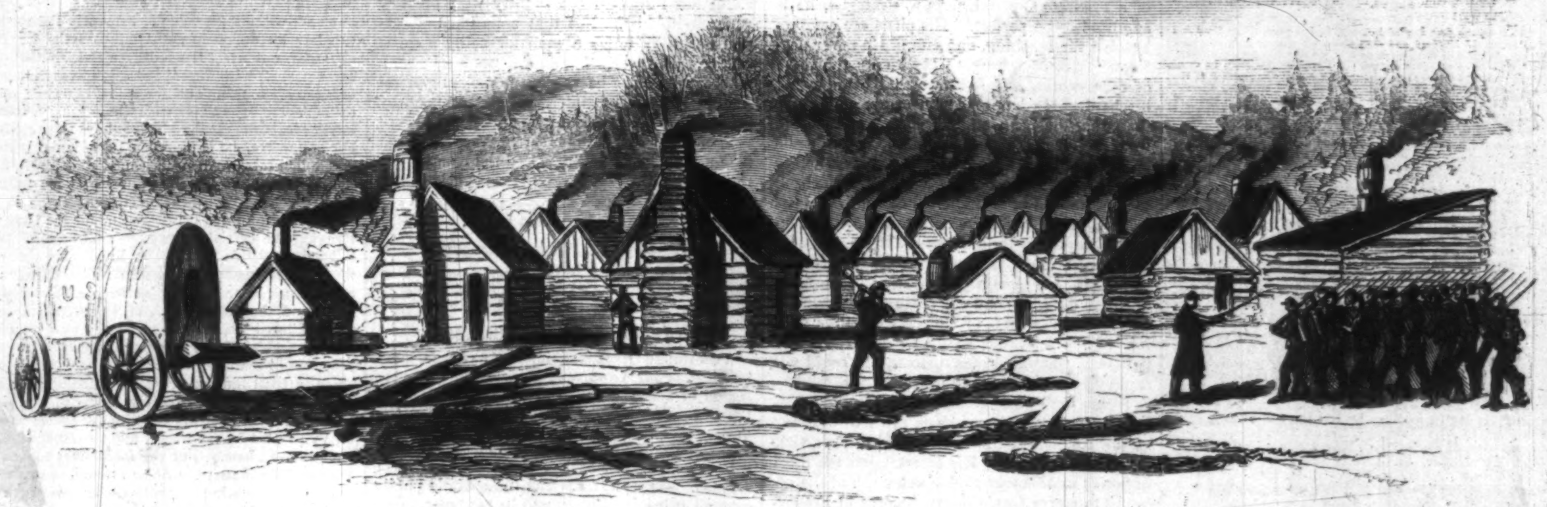
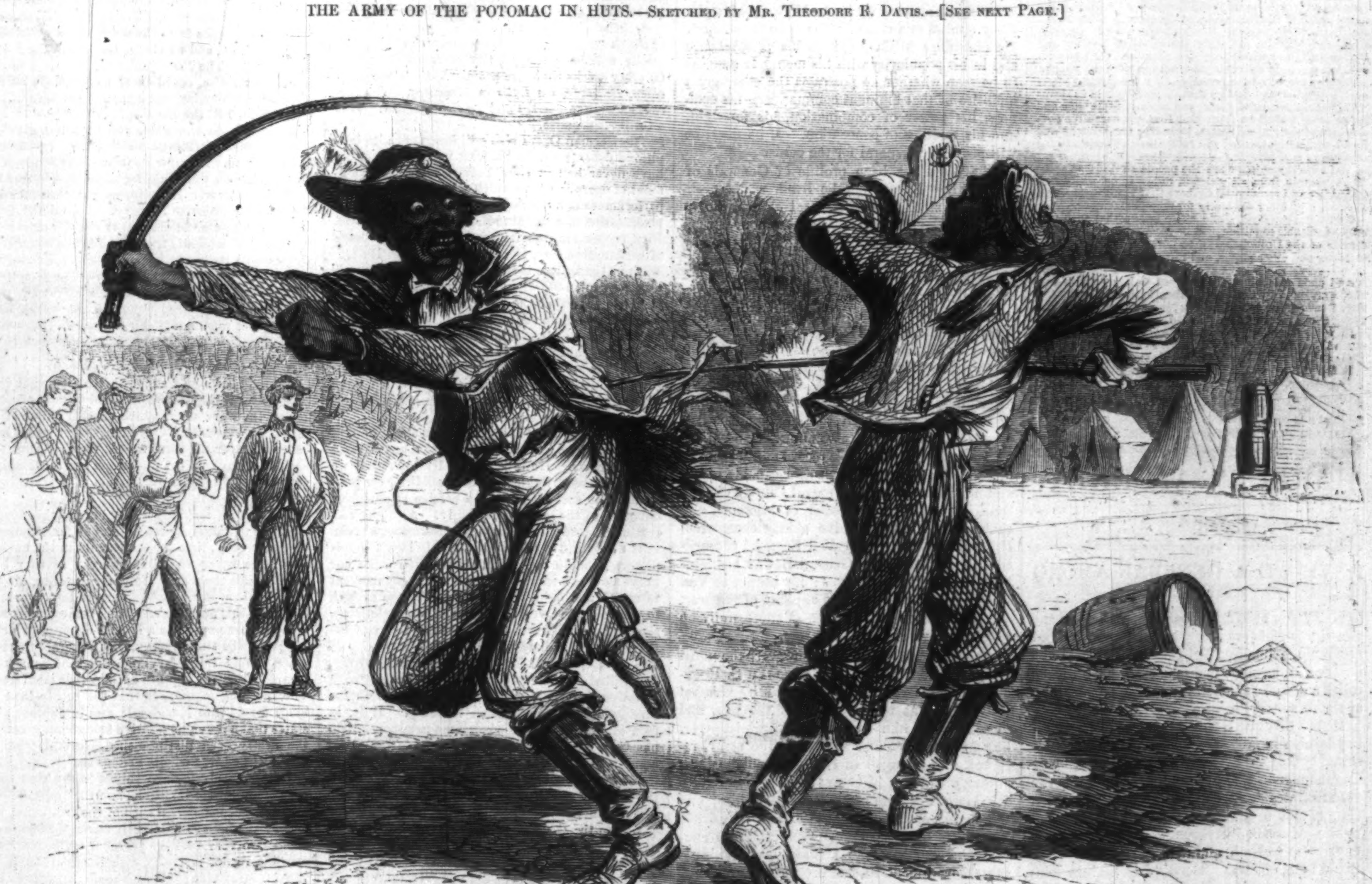


THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC IN HUTS.—Sketched by Mr. Theodore R. Davis.—[See next Page.]



THE TEAMSTERS' DUEL.—Sketched by Mr. Alfred R. Waud.—[See next Page.]

THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

We continue in this number our illustrations of the Army of the Potomac, from sketches by our special artists in the field.

Mr. Davis has sent us a sketch of the Log-huts in which the troops proceeded to make themselves comfortable after the Battle of Fredericksburg. We reproduce it on page 33. These rude shanties, built of rough logs, with tall wooden chimneys, unthatched roofs and leaky walls, present few claims to architectural merit. But they are a good deal more comfortable than shelter tents, and they can be built in a few hours. Some Colonels, who take proper care of their men, will have a whole regiment comfortably hutted in a couple of days.

The Teamsters' Duel, from a sketch by Mr. Waud, on page 33, is one of the humorous scenes in which our camps abound. When a quarrel arises between two colored teamsters a challenge passes, and the combatants lash each other with their long whips until one of them confesses that he can endure no more, and "throws up the sponge." The other is pronounced the victor, and very frequently admonishes his vanquished foe of the necessity of better behavior in future, amidst the roars and laughter of the white spectators.

The Shell in the Rebel Trenches, drawn by Mr. Homer, is an event of not uncommon occurrence. The secesh chivalry generally place their negroes in the post of danger; and when our gunners get the range of their works and drop a well-aimed shell into them, the skedaddle which ensues is such as Mr. Homer has depicted.

By the President of the United States of America.

A PROCLAMATION.

Whereas, on the twenty-second day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, a Proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, containing, among other things, the following, to wit:

> "That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforth, and forever free, and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons or any of them in any effort they may make for their actual freedom.
>
> "That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people therein respectively shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any State or the people thereof shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such State shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State and the people thereof are not then in rebellion against the United States."

Now, therefore, I, Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-Chief of the army and navy of the United States, in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my purpose so to do publicly proclaimed for the full period of one hundred days from the day of the first above-mentioned order, and designate as the States and parts of States wherein the people thereof respectively are this day in rebellion against the United States the following, to wit: Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana—except the parishes of St. Bernard, Placquemines, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terre Bonne, Lafourche, St. Mary, St. Martin, and Orleans, including the city of New Orleans—Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia—except the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of Berkeley, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Ann, and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth, and which excepted parts are, for the present, left precisely as if this proclamation were not issued.

And by virtue of the power and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States and parts of States are and henceforward shall be free; and that the executive government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons.

And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self-defense; and I recommend to them that in all cases, when allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages.

And I further declare and make known that such persons, of suitable condition, will be received into the armed service of the United States, to garrison forts, positions, stations, and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

And upon this, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the independence of the United States of America the eighty-seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President:
William H. Seward, Secretary of State.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

Saturday, January 17, 1863.

HAVE WE A GENERAL AMONG US?

THEY say at Washington that we have some thirty-eight to forty Major-Generals, and nearly three hundred Brigadiers; and now the question is, have we one man who can fairly be called a first-class General in the proper meaning of the term?

Before this war broke out, it was the prevailing opinion in military circles—more or less inspired by General Scott—that "Bob Lee," now Commander-in-Chief of the rebel army, was the ablest strategist in our service. He had been chief of staff to the Conqueror of Mexico. Next to him, Albert S. Johnston, who commanded our expedition to Utah, and was killed on the battle-field of Shiloh, was understood to rank in point of military capacity. But it was doubted by General Scott whether either of these two men, or any other officer in the service, was capable of manœuvring 50,000 men.

When the rebellion occurred, and Scott, with his rare sagacity, foresaw the nature of the struggle, and that we must have a Hoche or a Wolfe to lead our army, himself being too old for the work, the question arose—who should be the man? Lee and Johnston were with the enemy. Harney was not trusted. Between Scott and Wool a deadly feud reigned. Twiggs had played traitor. Patterson, like Scott, was superannuated. After much consultation the choice of Government fell upon Irwin M'Dowell, a soldier of fair repute, who had been employed for many years in the bureaux at Washington. The recent court-martials have effectually silenced the calumnies which at one time obscured General M'Dowell's fair fame; no blot now rests upon his honor. But his original appointment was probably due to political influence, and his subsequent record at Bull Run, and in the campaign of 1862, showed that, while his abilities were respectable, he had no claim to the first place among Generals.

To him succeeded M'Clellan, whom every one pronounced the coming man. Such opportunities as he enjoyed have seldom been vouchsafed to any one in any country at any time. And it is still an open question whether or no he made the most of them. For though his delays were exasperating, it is not sure that greater haste would have been safe: though his peninsular campaign was a failure, it is not sure that this was not caused exclusively by the refusal of the Government at the last hour to allow M'Dowell to co-operate with him: though he wasted a precious month in inaction after Antietam, and refused to move at the command of the President, it is not sure that if he had moved he would not have met his Fredericksburg. It is certain that he possesses some of the qualities of a first-rate General. As a strategist, he is admitted to be perfect. His plans are comprehensive, far-reaching, and safe. He never neglects "lines of retreat." He knows the value of earth-works, and is aware that cannon-shot hit hard. He has made an army, and, more than that, he has won their love, as Napoleon won the love of his *vieille garde*. But, on the other hand, it is doubted by his critics whether he has the dash and daring which are essential to the making of a first-class General. He is said never to have made an attack upon the enemy, but always to have waited to be attacked. In him caution is said to preponderate over enterprise: he is always prone rather to exaggerate than to underrate an enemy's strength: a man, it is even said, of more science than genius. Such a soldier would be admirable and perfect in command of a fortress, but could not aspire to the first rank among Generals.

Burnside's place among soldiers is undetermined. He has hitherto given proof of the very qualities which M'Clellan is said to lack, viz., energy and daring. His attack upon the rebel batteries at Roanoke and Newbern, and the attempt to storm Lee's intrenchments at Fredericksburg, were not at all in the M'Clellan style. They remind one more of Napoleon's method. He resembles M'Clellan in his perseverance and in his popularity with his men. It remains to be seen whether he possesses the other great qualities of that eminent commander—his coolness, his power of combination, his foresight, and his rapidity of conception. If he does, he will prove the General for the crisis.

The West has been prolific of Generals of fair merit. Lyon, had he lived, would probably have stood high. General Pope, who at one time enjoyed a repute second to none, struck his name off the list of competitors for fame by the disastrous campaign ending at Centreville. Ulysses Grant has given evidence of enterprise, determination, and personal gallantry which have stood him in good stead. He was very fortunate at Fort Donelson. Whether his record at Shiloh—where he would have been destroyed but for accidents beyond his control—will bear the test of inquiry, is a question yet undetermined. However, he has still opportunities of vindicating his claim to the confidence reposed in him by General Halleck. General W. T. Sherman is making his record at Vicksburg; hitherto he has been known as a capable officer and a far-seeing man. General Curtis did extremely well on the frontier of Missouri, and showed such adminstrative ability that, when General Halleck was called East, he succeeded him at St. Louis. General Blunt has lately won laurels in Arkansas; his march to Van Buren is one of the finest exploits of the war, and if his expedition terminates successfully he will rank high among our heroes.

At the present moment, however, the most promising of our soldiers is William S. Rosecrans. This officer was selected by General M'Clellan at the outbreak of the war, and served under him in Western Virginia. He, like M'Clellan, had served in the army, resigned, and engaged in scientific and business pursuits. When M'Clellan was ordered to Washington Rosecrans succeeded him, and thoroughly accomplished his work. He drove the rebels out of Western Virginia, and enabled the people of that State to organize a State government in peace. But for an accident he would have "bagged" Floyd and his army. After a period of idleness, he was sent to Corinth, where he spent some weeks in necessary preparations, knowing that the enemy must attack him if he remained still. The attack came, and resulted not only in the repulse, but in the destruction of the rebel army, and enabled General Grant to move forward to Oxford. Promoted then to the command of the Army of the Ohio, he spent six weeks at Nashville in concentrating his forces, and accumulating equipments and supplies for the campaign. He moved on 29th December, and after five days' desperate fighting, completely defeated, and "drove" the rebel army under Bragg, which, according to the Richmond papers, was "to repossess Nashville within a week." As a strategist Rosecrans has proved himself second to none. In Western Virginia his combinations were most ingenious, and his foresight wonderful. So at Corinth, where he alone of his officers foresaw the battle, and how it would end. His wonderful mathematical ability, which was remarked at West Point, stood him in good stead. At Murfreesboro he seems to have developed personal gallantry of the Grant order. Twice, at least, in the course of those five days' battles, he saved the day, and repelled the enemy, by galloping into the thick of the fight, and reanimating his troops by the spectacle of his courage. He is a man of enthusiasm, as well as a man of calculation: when his army fights, he is with them. If he pursues the enemy as briskly as he attacked them, none of our Generals will stand higher than Rosecrans.

General Banks's record as a soldier has thus far only been illustrated in his successful retreat up the Shenandoah Valley, and in the battle of Cedar Mountain. Both operations were correct, and showed that he understood his new calling. Those who know General Banks expect more of him, and believe that before this war ends he will take a high place among its heroes. West Point has furnished the country with but few generals-in-chief. Not that a military education naturally unfits a man for being a great soldier. But war being an art, not a science, a man can no more be made a first-class general than a first-class painter, or a great poet, by professors and text-books; he must be born with the genius of war in his breast. Very few such men are born in a century, and the chances are rather that they will be found among the millions of the outside people than in the select circle who are educated at West Point.

THE LOUNGER.

THE DUTY OF CHEERFULNESS.

The Italian Opera is again open, under the management of Mr. Grau, and the customary winter season of the Academy is not suspended even by the war. The season begins with a prima donna of the sweet and pleasing voice and refined action, Clara Louise Kellogg, who is about leaving to fulfill her engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre in London. Brignoli, for whom the operatic public across the sea is sighing, will be the tenor. We are to have Miss Kellogg in *Poliuto*, *Trovatore*, *Roberto il Diavolo*, and the new opera, *Giovanna d'Arco*, of which the manager declares that "the New York public will have the priority of representation." Of other works there are promised, *Les Vespres Sicilien*, *Belisario*, *Un Ballo in Maschera*, and *Dinorah*, as well as *Martha* and *La Somnambula*. It is a brilliant promise.

The German Opera also still keeps open its hospitable doors, spreading a feast within such as we have never had in New York. The true enjoyment of opera is not so much a brilliant occasional performance of a few familiar works as the constant presentation of a certain school in all its varieties. In a proper metropolis there would be the opera of each nationality, German, French, and Italian. With us the Italian is spasmodic. The German is less frequent, but, when it is occasionally tried, it is persistent; and the present enterprise is one which has been so successful that we hope it may become permanent. If all the singers are not the best conceivable, there is an admirable prima donna, and the music is most conscientiously performed. In fact, a German audience is much more exigent than any other, as exact musical science is more common in that people.

We ought indeed to be glad that in the hot stress of the war there can be such recreation as truly fine music affords. However painfully interested we may be in the struggle, it is impossible for the public mind to sustain so strict a tension as exclusive devotion to the war would imply. A proper recreation becomes, under such circumstances, a tonic. It is not idling to hear music, and to look at noble pictures, and to read good books, even while our brave boys are encamped and ready every moment to march and fight. Even they are wise enough to amuse themselves, as was seen in our late issue, showing the Christmas sports of the Army of the Potomac. And here we have before us a copy of *The New South*, a neat paper, published, written, and edited by our soldiers at Port Royal, South Carolina. It is a very different sheet from the fuming, feverish Charleston *Mercury*. It is, in fact, altogether a more wholesome newspaper than has been published in our Southern latitudes for many a day. Its comely columns are devoted to the news of the camp, of the whole army, and of things in general, and its editorial columns are moral rather than political.

But to the especial point of our remarks. This number contains an account of the Thanksgiving amusements of the army at Hilton Head. By day there were foot-races, rowing matches, target practice, hurdle and wheel-barrow races, and meal feats, with the greased pole and greased pig's tail. In the evening there were dramatic performances by a part of the Third Rhode Island, and a fête by the officers of the Forty-eighth New York and Company G of the Third Rhode Island. The later holiday amusements were not less cheerful.

While thus the soldiers smile in the very face of exposure and danger we need not feel it necessary to look gloomy or to forswear a wholesome diversion. There is no fear that our minds and hearts will forget them or the great work before us; while a wise recreation will fit us all the better to help them and to do the work.

THE "ESSEX" AND THE "ALABAMA."

The exploits of the *Alabama* are very annoying, but the accusation of imbecility against the Government for not capturing and destroying her off hand is childish. A privateer, or any single ship, always has the advantage of a squadron. She roams the boundless ocean at her will, and defies capture, as a solitary incendiary may for months baffle the police of a great city. The feats of the *Alabama* are like the cavalry raids of the rebels. Nothing is easier for a few daring horsemen than to skirt the flanks of an invading army. With a perfect knowledge of the country they can pierce the open points of a line which can not be effectively maintained from the Chesapeake to the Mississippi, taking the risk of a safe escape. Such raids upon the land and saucy privateering upon the sea are most annoying; but we need not suppose that the nation is gone because Stuart dashes into Maryland or Morgan upon a lonely railroad station, or because Raphael Semmes captures the *Ariel* and eludes pursuit for months.

The performances of the *Alabama* are nothing compared with those of the *Essex*, under David Porter, in the war of 1812. A few days after the declaration of war Porter sailed from New York in the *Essex*, a frigate of 32 guns. In a very short cruise he took a large number of British merchantmen. He took one of a fleet of transports convoyed by a frigate and bomb vessel; so if we hear that our California treasure ships have fallen a prey to Semmes, spite of armed guardians, it will not be an act without precedent. Presently Porter captured in an action of eight minutes the English ship-of-war *Alert*. By-and-by a British Government packet, with fifty thousand dollars in specie, fell into his hands. Then he sailed into the Pacific ocean to prey upon the British whale-fishery. Here, having learned that Peru had sent out ships against our commerce, he captured a Peruvian privateer which had taken two American whale-ships. For ten months the *Essex* cruised in the Pacific protecting our commerce, capturing twelve British ships, taking four hundred prisoners, and for the time destroying the British fishery.

During all this time Porter lived upon the enemy. In February, 1814, he arrived at Valparaiso, and a week later the British frigate *Phœbe*, of 36 guns, and the sloop *Cherub*, of 20, entered the port and anchored near the *Essex*. They were a part of the force which the British Government had sent to scour every sea in search of the *Essex*. They had ships in the China seas, off New Zealand, Timor, and New Holland; and a frigate was off the river La Plata. After getting supplies the *Phœbe* cruised off Valparaiso for six weeks, and the *Essex* tried to engage her alone. But the *Phœbe* was too wary. On the 28th March the *Essex* attempted to get to sea, but in doubling a headland she was struck by a squall which carried away her main-topmast and destroyed several men. Thus crippled, she anchored three miles from the town and a pistol-shot from the shore, and was here attacked by the *Phœbe* and *Cherub*. The *Essex* junior, which was a tender of her namesake, could be of no service with her 18-pound carronades, and after a fierce fight of two hours and a half the *Essex* surrendered, with a loss of 58 killed, 66 wounded, and 31 missing. The British loss was trifling—5 killed and 10 wounded.

There is no reason for surprise if the Anglo-rebel pirate *Alabama* continues for some time longer her predatory career. Happily, as yet, Semmes has not added murder to robbery. Indeed the fascinated passengers of the *Ariel* report the marvelous "politeness" which is traditional in the manner of pirates who, as every boarding-school knows, are the most "gentlemanly" of men. The fact of his crime remains unchanged, that, without the warrant of any recognized power in the world, he is waging war upon American commerce.

EDITORIAL RESPONSIBILITY.

A veteran editor suggests that it might have been better if the newspapers had been suppressed during the war; upon which another editor of experience remarks that every newspaper would have done whatever the Government required, but that when the Government undertook the censorship it virtually allowed the publication of every thing it suffered to pass the wires.

But there is certainly a duty beyond this devolving upon editors. There is the one fact, conceded by every body, that the statements in the newspapers were never so untrustworthy as they have been during the war. Here, for instance, are two papers taken at random. One is last evening's, the other this morning's. The evening paper says that another paper has a special dispatch which is believed to be trust-worthy, that General Stuart has made a raid into Maryland, but that "plans are completed for the capture of the whole rebel force." The morning paper says that the rebels have not made a raid into Maryland; and in another place states that a previous positive statement, greatly to the injury of a distinguished General, "we are now satisfied was wholly erroneous."

It is no reply to such things to say that correspondents are not infallible, and that mistakes will be sometimes made. Is it not the truth that mistakes have been so habitually made, that whenever there is a very positive personal statement every sensible reader instantly disbelieves it, until it is proved to be true? Why should not editors take a common-sense view as readers do? For instance, Stuart is said to be in Maryland. Very well, that is possible. But when it is said that ample arrangements are made to bag him, why does not the editor burst into the mortified laughter which afterward breaks from every reader, and so strike out the sentence? It may be true. Oh yes; but, under the circumstances, don't you think we had better wait until we discover what the result is?

In a word, why should we be at the mercy of every rumor which every correspondent in Washington hears, or fancies he hears, or thinks that he ought to hear? If you are afraid that the story sent to you may be printed in some other paper, and so print it lest yours be behind, you only continue the practice which has destroyed the value of telegraphic war-news. All the stories, for instance, in all the papers about foreign intervention might have been omitted, and we should have known exactly as much as we do now. Of course each correspondent claims that he knows all about it, and that t'other man's information is rubbish. But while no editor can exactly discriminate, every man of ability sufficient to conduct a daily paper can refuse to publish two kinds of rumors, to begin with: first, the stories of what we are going to do; and, second, the irresponsible gossip of streets or tavern lobbies, which makes grave charges against conspicuous men. And this is exactly the common sense in which our papers have been wanting.

ELECTION BY THE PEOPLE.

A FAVORITE remark of the disloyal friends of the rebels at the North is, that the President is not the choice of the people, because he did not receive an actual majority of all the votes cast. The object of this statement is to weaken the sense of duty to sustain the Government, in order that the rebellion may make better terms. But it is simply false. The President *is* the elect of the people. The laws declare in what way the popular will shall be expressed. They do not require an actual majority of all the votes cast, but a majority of the electoral college. It is a Constitutional and legal majority which is required, and that Mr. Lincoln received as much as any President ever elected; and his tenure of office is precisely what Washington's was, although there was a vehement opposition to his election.

And when—will the disloyal orators inform us?—did a majority of "the people" of this country ever vote? The heaviest vote ever cast for President did not count four millions, and "the people" count thirty millions. "The people" is an arbitrary term. It no more follows that the people do not favor the election of a candidate because the majority of the voters reject him than that they reject him because a majority of voters approve. The whole thing is legally adjusted, and the candidate who conforms to the legal requirement is elected by the people in the only way in which he can be.

It is observable that the orators who so loudly declare that a majority of the people did not vote for the President are the same ones who insist that the election of the present Governor of New York indicates a change of sentiment in the State. But let them apply their own system and see how it works. The Governor's majority in the city of New York was, in round numbers, thirty thousand; in the vote of the State, ten thousand. What is the inference? Simply that the State of New York gave his opponent twenty thousand majority. Well, now, shall the citizens of Chatauque and St. Lawrence be told that he is only a city Governor, and not the choice of the State? Certainly, if you follow the lead of the orators of whom we speak.

But the laws of the State declare the conditions of a Governor's election as those of the nation settle those of an election of President. And it is in conformity to those laws that Mr. Seymour is Governor, and Mr. Lincoln President; although the one received his majority in the free States, and the other in the city of New York.

It is needless to add that the people who are most strenuous and persistent in declaring that a President constitutionally elected is not the choice of the country, are the "Conservatives" who affect to be so nervously alarmed lest every comma of the Constitution should not be respected. Of all hideous jokes the chief is that which calls those who believe this Government ought not to save itself from destruction "Conservatives." Alexander Hamilton was a Conservative, we believe. Mr. Fernando Wood once went to Richmond to lecture about him. Why will not some medium report his opinion of the "Conservatism" of this hour in the Union he helped to make, to defend, and to declare indissoluble? Does this "Conservatism" wish above all things to save the Union, but only constitutionally? Well, nobody wishes to save it otherwise. In fact it can not be saved otherwise. And if you are so very anxious to save it constitutionally, why do you incessantly shriek that a President constitutionally elected is not elected by the people? Who is he elected by? Suppose the Constitution and laws declare that a minority of the actual votes cast shall, under certain conditions, elect? Is not that point just as sacred as any other?

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

REMEMBERING when you are more than half-way to the Opera, that you have left your box-ticket at home upon your dressing-table, and at the same time recollecting that the overture was what you wished especially to hear.

While walking home to dine *en famille* with your wife, remembering that you've asked a few old school-fellows to sup with you, and have quite forgotten to tell her to provide for them.

Remembering at bedtime a business letter which your uncle (from whom you have expectations) begged you to post that morning, and which, you now find, is still in your coat pocket.

Never did an Irishman utter a better bull than did an honest John, who being asked by a friend, "Has your sister a son or a daughter?" answered, "Upon my life I do not yet know whether I am uncle or aunt."

Young women should set good examples, for the young men are always following them.

A SMALL CASE OF NEEDLES.

Woman sews, and man reaps the advantage of it.

Vows, like waistcoat-strings, are frequently broken, when they bind a person too tightly.

When you find your property (but mind not your person) is running to waste, then only it is justifiable to pull in.

Man without a button is hopelessly adrift, not less so than a ship without its needle.

A QUESTION FOR LORD DUNDWEARY.

If a woman mawwy a man, and her husband dies, what do people call her?—A widow.

If she then mawwy again, and the second husband dies, what ought she then to be called?—A widower.

Toward the close of an election, when all the exertions of Sheridan's friends had failed to secure his return, he bore his defeat with good-humor. A sailor, anxious to view the proceedings, had climbed one of the supports in front of the hustings. As Sheridan commenced his speech his eye fell upon the tar aloft, which he turned to ludicrous account by saying that had he but 500 voters as upright as the perpendicular gentleman before him, they would yet place him where *he was—at the head of the pole.*

My friend Richards, says a country correspondent, was an inveterate chewer of tobacco. To break himself of the habit he took up another, which was that of breaking a pledge just as often as he made it. The last time I had seen him he told me he had broken off for good, but now, as I met him, he was taking another chew. "Why, Richards, you told me you had given up that habit, but I see you are at it again." "Yes," he replied, "I have gone to chewing and left off lying."

A young lady being asked by a feminine acquaintance whether she had any original poetry in her album, replied, "No; but some of my friends have favored me with original spelling."

Fashionable circles were never so numerous as they are now. Almost every lady that appears in the streets is the centre of one.

A clergyman advocating corporeal punishment for children, said, "The child, when once started in a course of evil conduct, was like a locomotive on the wrong track—it takes the switch to get it off."

A man should tell the truth without reserve, but a general shouldn't take his army into battle in that way.

You can not preserve happy domestic pairs in family jars.

If you can't coax fish to bite, try your persuasive powers upon a cross dog, and you will be sure to succeed.

A gentleman was constantly in the habit of calling his servants, before their faces, "necessary evils." He quarreled with one of them, who left him in a rage, said he was sick of service, and vowed that he would never enter it again. A few days after, his old master meeting him in a livery, said, "Pooh! you are gone into service again after all!" "Ah, Sir, I have found that masters are 'necessary evils.'"

Put a good face upon every thing, unless you are so ugly that you can't.

A handcuff—A box on the ear.

A machine has been invented which is to be driven by the force of circumstances.

"The man put up his hand deprecatingly, but a great groan heaved up from his iron chest," is one of the thrilling passages in a modern novellette.

The man who made an impression on the heart of coquette has taken out a patent for stone-cutting.

A young man advertises his desire for a wife—"Pretty, and entirely ignorant of the fact!"

A minister, putting his hand upon a young urchin's shoulder, exclaimed, "My son, I believe the devil has got hold of you." "I believe so too," was the reply.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

CONGRESS.

ON Monday, January 5, in the Senate, a bill taxing bank-notes and fractional currency was introduced and referred. Bills to promote the efficiency of the artillery service, also the efficiency of the army; to prevent correspondence with rebels, and to reserve certain military sites in insurrectionary districts for sale, were introduced and referred. A resolution directing inquiry as to the expediency of consolidating regiments in the field, so that their maximum number shall be at least one thousand and twenty men, was adopted. A resolution instructing the Finance Committee to inquire into the expediency of modifying or abolishing the duty on foreign paper was adopted. The Bankrupt bill was then discussed, and after an executive session the Senate adjourned.——In the House, the bill for the relief of the sufferers by the Indian troubles in Minnesota, and abrogating all treaties with the Sioux, was passed by a vote of 78 against 17. A bill providing ways and means for the support of the Government was reported, and referred to the Committee of the Whole. A resolution was adopted directing inquiry into the causes of the loss of the *Monitor*, with the view of ascertaining whether vessels of her character can not be made safe and sea-worthy. Bills to establish temporary military governments in rebellious States, authorizing the raising of volunteers for the defense of Tennessee, setting apart lands for a railroad in Washington Territory, establishing a State government for Colorado Territory, and providing for a survey of swamp and overflowed lands in California, were introduced. The Judiciary Committee was instructed to report a bill providing for the protection of loyal citizens in their persons and property in insurrectionary States. A resolution was introduced directing that the Secretary of the Treasury communicate to the House his reasons, if any, for neglecting to answer the resolution passed by this House on the 16th of December last, inquiring into the names of the owners of United States stock of 1842, and as to the medium of payment of the same; and further, that he do now communicate to the House the names of such owners, and whether he has not paid the said stock, and if so, whether in coin or otherwise. After some discussion the further consideration of the subject was postponed till next day. A bill making appropriations for civil and diplomatic expenses was reported.

On Tuesday, 6th, in the Senate, the Military Committee reported back the bill to temporarily suspend the act to prevent and punish fraud on the part of officers intrusted with making Government contracts, and moved that the bill be put upon its passage, but after some debate the subject was postponed. The House joint resolution for the immediate payment of soldiers and sailors was reported by the Military Committee, with an amendment authorizing an issue of $50,000,000 of demand Treasury notes, in addition to the amount authorized by the act of July, 1862. The bill was referred to the Finance Committee. The bill relative to the discharge of State prisoners was taken up, and Senator Wright, of Indiana, made a speech in opposition to it.——In the House, the Select Committee on Emancipation reported a bill providing for the issue of ten million dollars of thirty years' bonds, in aid of the emancipation of slaves in Missouri, the Government pledging itself to deport and colonize the freed men. Some debate ensued, and finally the bill was passed by a vote of seventy-three against forty-six. A resolution was adopted that the Committee on Ways and Means be instructed to inquire into the expediency of issuing Treasury notes bearing 3.65 interest, the amount issued to be equal to the amount of tender notes in circulation, and such other sums as the demands of the public service for the current year shall require; that there be issued an equal amount of United States 6 per cent. 20-years bonds, which bonds, with the interest, shall constitute a fund for the redemption of the 3.65 Treasury notes, the bonds to be of equal date of the Treasury notes, the interest to be paid in specie. The holders of the tender notes shall have the right to surrender them whenever the amount of $100 is presented, and receive the par value for the same. The holders of the 3.65 Treasury notes shall have the right to invest the same in 20-years 6 per cent. bonds when an amount equal to $500 is presented. A bill allowing articles not now mailable to be sent to soldiers through the mails, at the rate of one cent per ounce postage, was passed. The remainder of the session was devoted to the debate upon the Executive, Legislative, and Judicial Appropriation bill.

THE BATTLE OF MURFREESBORO.

HEAD-QUARTERS, FOURTEENTH ARMY CORPS,
DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND,
IN FRONT OF MURFREESBORO, *Jan.* 3.
VIA NASHVILLE, *Jan.* 4, 1863.

To H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief, Washington:

On the 26th of December we marched from Nashville in three columns, General M'Cook by Nolinsville pike; General Thomas from his encampment on Franklin's pike, via Wilson pike, and General Crittenden on the main Murfreesboro pike.

Our left and centre met with a strong resistance, such as the nature of the country permits, the rolling or hilly routes, skirted by cedar thickets and farms, and intersected by small streams, with rocky bluff banks, forming serious obstacles.

General M'Cook drove General Hardee's corps a mile and a half from Nolinsville, and occupied the place.

General Crittenden reached within a mile and a half of Lavergne.

General Thomas reached the Wilson pike, meeting with no serious opposition.

On the 27th General M'Cook drove General Hardee from Nolinsville and pushed forward a reconnoitring division six miles toward Shelbyville, and found that General Hardee had retreated toward Murfreesboro.

General Crittenden fought and drove the enemy before him, occupying the line of Stewart's Creek, and capturing some prisoners with slight loss.

General Thomas occupied the vicinity of Nolinsville, when he was partially surprised, thrown into confusion, and driven back. General Sheridan's division had repulsed the enemy four times and protected the flank of the centre, which not only held its own, but advanced until this untoward event, which compelled me to retain the left wing to support the right until it should be rallied and assume a new position.

On the 1st instant the rebels opened by an attack on us, and were again repulsed.

On the 2d instant there was skirmishing along the front with threats of an attack until about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the enemy advanced, throwing a small division across Stones River to occupy the commanding ground there.

While reconnoitring the ground occupied by this division, which had no artillery, I saw a heavy force emerging from the woods and advancing in line of battle three lines deep. They drove our little division before them after a sharp contest, in which we lost seventy or eighty killed and three hundred and seventy-five wounded; but they were finally repulsed by General Negley's division and the remaining troops of the left wing of General Morton's Pioneer brigade, and fled far over the field and beyond their intrenchments, their officers rallying them with great difficulty. He lost heavily. We occupied the ground with the left wing last night. The lines were completed at four o'clock in the morning.

The 3d was spent in bringing up and distributing provisions and ammunition. It has been raining all day. The ground is very heavy.

W. S. ROSECRANS,
Major-General Commanding.

THE VICTORY.

CAMP NEAR MURFREESBORO, *Jan.* 4, 1863.

To Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief:

Following my dispatch of last evening, I have to announce that the enemy are in full retreat. They left last night.

The rain having raised the river, and the bridge across it between the left wing and centre being incomplete, I deemed it prudent to withdraw that wing during the night. This occupied my time until four o'clock, and fatigued the troops.

The announcement of the retreat was known to me at seven o'clock this morning.

Our ammunition train arrived during the night.

To-day was occupied in distributing ammunition, burying the dead, and collecting arms from the field of battle.

The pursuit was commenced by the centre, the two leading brigades arriving at the west side of Stones River this evening. The railroad bridge was saved, but in what condition is not known.

We shall occupy the town and push the pursuit to-morrow.

Our medical director estimates the wounded in hospital at 5500, and our dead at 1000.

We have to deplore the loss of Lieutenant Colonel Garesche, whose capacity and general deportment had already endeared him to all the officers of this command, and whose gallantry on the field of battle excited their admiration.

W. S. ROSECRANS,
Major-General Commanding.

OUR TRIUMPH COMPLETE.

HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND,
Jan. 5, 1863.

Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief, Washington:

We have fought one of the greatest battles of the war, and are victorious.

Our entire success on the 31st ult. was prevented by a surprise of the right flank; but we have, nevertheless, beaten the enemy, after a three days' fight.

They fled with great precipitation on Saturday night.

The last of their columns of cavalry left this morning.

Their loss has been very heavy.

Generals Rains and Hanson are killed.

Generals Cladson, Adams, and Breckinridge are wounded.

W. S. ROSECRANS,
Major-General Commanding.

THE ATTACK ON VICKSBURG.

Report says that General Sherman is now in possession of Vicksburg, after a series of desperate battles. The expedition landed on the Yazoo River on the 26th ult., under cover of the gun-boats, after having shelled the rebel batteries at Haines' Bluff, which was formidably fortified and well defended. The gun-boat *Benton* was pretty severely riddled by the enemy's shot, and her commander, Captain Gwinn, badly hurt. The enemy had seven batteries of rifled guns mounted on these bluffs, and made a stubborn resistance for more than an hour. We have the authority of the Memphis *Bulletin* for the fact that fighting had been going on for five days, commencing on Wednesday. Up to Monday morning General Sherman had captured three lines of the enemy's works. The firing on the fourth and last line of defense on the Jackson and Vicksburg road had ceased, and the indications were that this line—just two miles from Vicksburg—had surrendered. Before taking the fortifications General Sherman sent a brigade to cut off communication with the city by the Shreveport Railroad—work which was successfully accomplished. He was reinforced on Sunday night by nine thousand men from General Grant's army, by way of the river. The whole of the Union force at Vicksburg is now about forty thousand men.

SUCCESSFUL FORAY INTO TENNESSEE.

Important intelligence has been received from rebel sources of a brilliant operation performed in East Tennessee by the Union troops. From the Lynchburg *Republican* of New-Year's day we learn that a body of Union cavalry, reported to be 5000 strong, and composed of one Pennsylvania regiment and others unknown, had destroyed nine miles of the East Tennessee and Virginia Railroad, burning the important bridges at Zollicoffer, over the Holston and Watauga rivers, and capturing two hundred rebel cavalry who were guarding the former. The *Republican* says it will take several weeks to repair the damages at a time when the road is taxed to its utmost capacity. It also states that the Yankee raid, which extended over a space of nearly a hundred miles, was one of unexpected daring and audacity.

Later Union accounts state that nearly all the bridges between Knoxville and the Virginia State line—a distance of 130 miles—have been destroyed, and the track more or less injured. So combined was the movement that the whole affair was completed in a comparatively short space of time, and, as the rebels express it, the line was so much injured "that it will take several weeks to repair the damages."

ANOTHER VICTORY.

HOLLY SPRINGS, MISS., *January* 9, 1863.

Major-General H. W. Halleck, General-in-Chief, Washington:

General Sullivan has succeeded in getting a fight with the rebel Colonel Forrest, and whipped him badly.

General Sullivan has captured six pieces of artillery and a great many horses and prisoners.

General Van Dorn was repulsed at every point except this, and with heavy loss.

U. S. GRANT,
Major-General Commanding.

LOSS OF THE "MONITOR."

The *Monitor* was strained during a heavy storm on the 31st ult., sprung a leak, and went down off Cape Hatteras. The *Rhode Island*, which was towing her, lost a boat's crew, it is supposed, in the effort to loose the hawser which connected the two vessels.

GENERAL BUTLER'S VIEWS.

On leaving New Orleans, General Butler published an address to the people, in which he said:

"The enemies of my country, unrepentant and implacable, I have treated with merited severity. I hold that rebellion is treason, and that treason persisted in is death, and any punishment short of that due a traitor gives so much clear gain to him from the clemency of the Government. Upon this thesis have I administered the authority of the United States, because of which I am not unconscious of complaint. I do not feel that I have erred in too much harshness, for that harshness has ever been exhibited to disloyal enemies of my country and not to loyal friends. To be sure I might have regaled you with the amenities of British civilization, and yet been within the supposed rules of civilized warfare. You might have been smoked to death in caverns, as were the Covenanters of Scotland by command of a General of the royal house of England; or roasted like the inhabitants of Algiers during the French campaign; your wives and daughters might have been given over to the ravisher, as were the unfortunate dames of Spain in the Peninsular war; or you might have been scalped and tomahawked as our mothers were at Wyoming by the savage allies of Great Britain in our own Revolution; your property could have been turned over to indiscriminate "loot," like the palace of the Emperor of China; works of art which adorned your buildings might have been sent away, like the paintings of the Vatican; your sons might have been blown from the mouths of cannon like the Sepoys at Delhi; and yet this would have been within the rules of civilized warfare, as practiced by the most polished and the most hypocritical nations of Europe. For such acts the records of the doings of some of the inhabitants of your city toward the friends of the Union, before my coming, were a sufficient provocative and justification."

WHAT HE HAS DONE.

"I found you trembling at the terrors of servile insurrection. All danger of this I have prevented by so treating the slave that he had no cause to rebel.

"I found the dungeon, the chain, and the lash your only means of enforcing obedience in your servants. I leave them peaceful, laborious, controlled by the laws of kindness and justice.

"I have demonstrated that the pestilence can be kept from your borders.

"I have added a million of dollars to your wealth in the form of new land from the batture of the Mississippi.

"I have cleansed and improved your streets, canals, and public squares, and opened new avenues to unoccupied land.

"I have given you freedom of elections greater than you have ever enjoyed before.

"I have caused justice to be administered so impartially that your own advocates have unanimously complimented the judges of my appointment.

"You have seen, therefore, the benefit of the laws and justice of the Government against which you have rebelled.

"Why, then, will you not all return to your allegiance to that Government—not with lip service, but with the heart?

SLAVERY.

"There is but one thing that at this hour stands between you and the Government, and that is slavery.

"The institution, cursed of God, which has taken its last refuge here, in His providence will be rooted out as the tares from the wheat, although the wheat be torn up with it.

"I have given much thought to this subject.

"I came among you, by teachings, by habit of mind, by political position, by social affinity, inclined to sustain your domestic laws, if by possibility they might be with safety to the Union.

"Months of experience and of observation have forced the conviction that the existence of slavery is incompatible with the safety either of yourselves or of the Union. As the system has gradually grown to its present huge dimensions, it were best if it could be gradually removed; but it is better, far better, that it should be taken out at once than that it should longer vitiate the social, political, and family relations of your country. I am speaking with no philanthropic views as regards the slave, but simply of the effect of slavery on the master. See for yourselves.

"Look around you and say whether this saddening, deadening influence has not all but destroyed the very frame-work of your society.

"I am speaking the farewell words of one who has shown his devotion to his country at the peril of his life and fortune, who in these words can have neither hope nor interest save the good of those whom he addresses; and let me here repeat, with all the solemnity of an appeal to Heaven to bear me witness, that such are the views forced upon me by experience.

"Come, then, to the unconditional support of the Government. Take into your own hands your own institutions; remodel them according to the laws of nations and of God, and thus attain that great prosperity assured to you by geographical position, only a portion of which was heretofore yours. BENJAMIN F. BUTLER."

DEATH OF "UNCLE SAM."

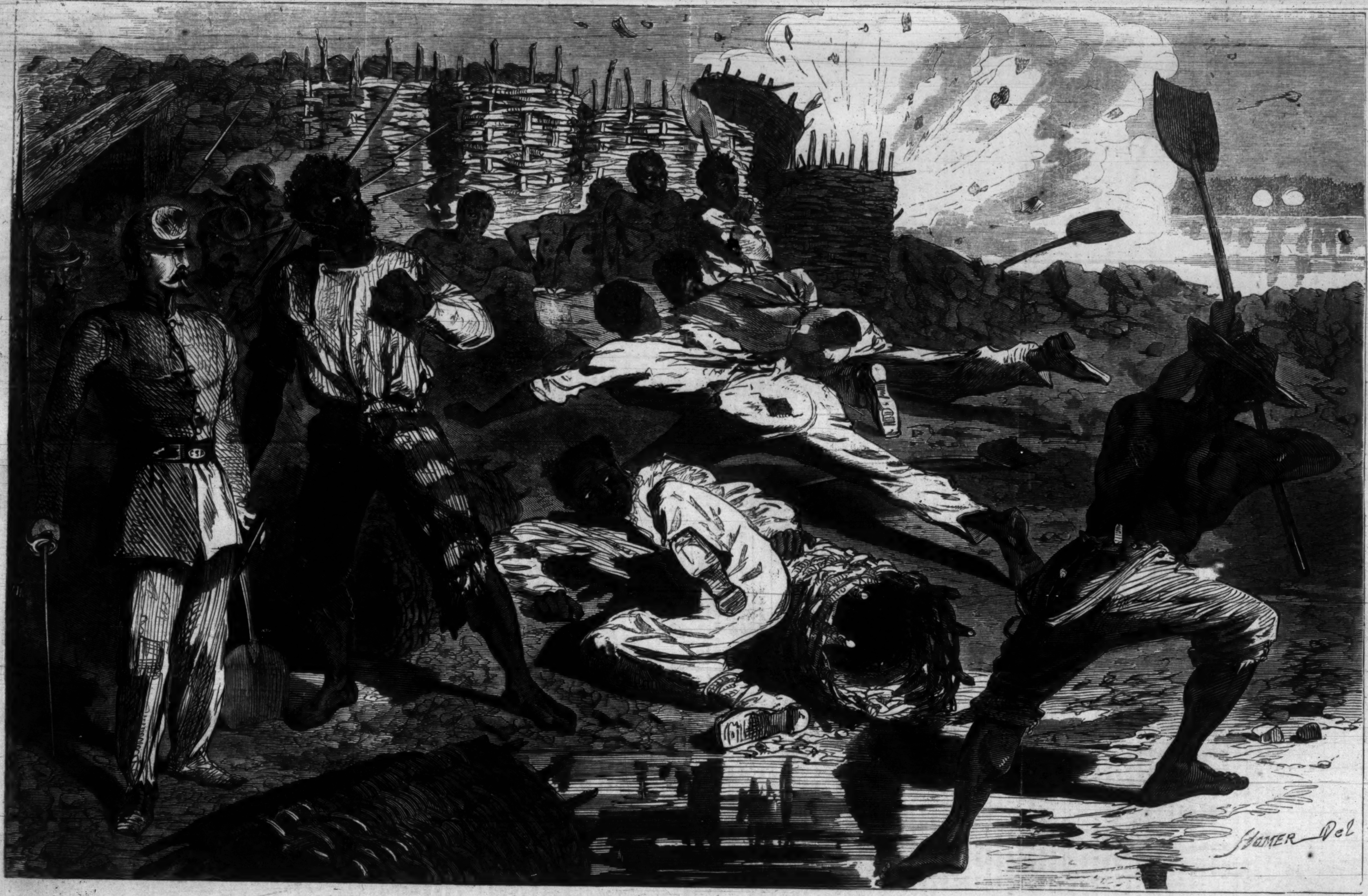
At the Head-Quarters of the U. S. Sanitary Commission at Newbern, Dept. of N. C., on Friday, Nov. 14, died UNCLE SAM, the Aged Consort of *Old Aunt Charlotte*, "Our Contraband Cook." The merits of Aunt Charlotte have already been portrayed in the *Weekly* of Aug. 16. Uncle Sam, the faithful partner of her bondage, lived a long life of humble usefulness, and of placid good-will to all around him. He lived to see the advent of what his fellow-slaves call "*The good time coming*," "*Bress the Lord!*" and died lamented, at the advanced age of 75 years.

FOREIGN NEWS.

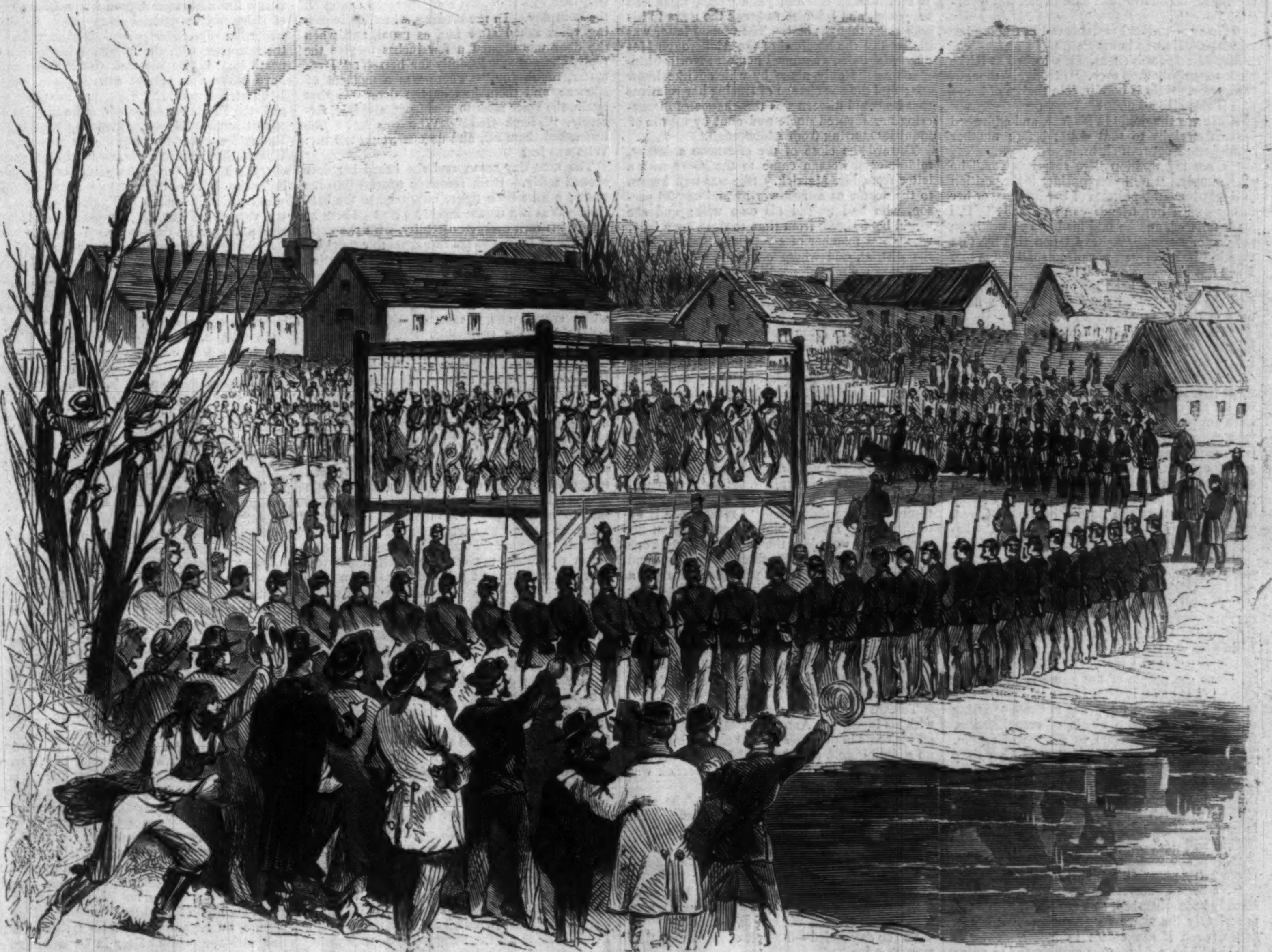
ENGLAND.

A SPEECH FROM JOHN BRIGHT.

MR. BRIGHT, M.P., in the interest of the masses of the people of England, had made a powerful address to his constituents in Birmingham in support of the cause of the Union. Mr. Bright said he still had the utmost faith in the future of the United States. He quoted Kossuth, Garibaldi, and Victor Hugo to show on which side the sympathies of England ought to run. He added that he still regarded "the American Republic as the free home of the working-classes, with free vote and free career for the humblest. There would be a wild shriek of Freedom to startle all the world if that republic was overthrown."



A SHELL IN THE REBEL-TRENCHES.—[See Page 34.]



EXECUTION OF THIRTY-EIGHT INDIAN MURDERERS AT MANKATO, MINNESOTA.—FROM A SKETCH BY MR. HERMAN, OF ST. PAUL.—[SEE PAGE 39.]

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1862, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.]

NO NAME.

BY WILKIE COLLINS,

AUTHOR OF "THE WOMAN IN WHITE," "DEAD SECRET," ETC., ETC.

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN M'LENAN.

☞ Printed from the Manuscript and early Proof-sheets purchased by the Proprietors of "Harper's Weekly."

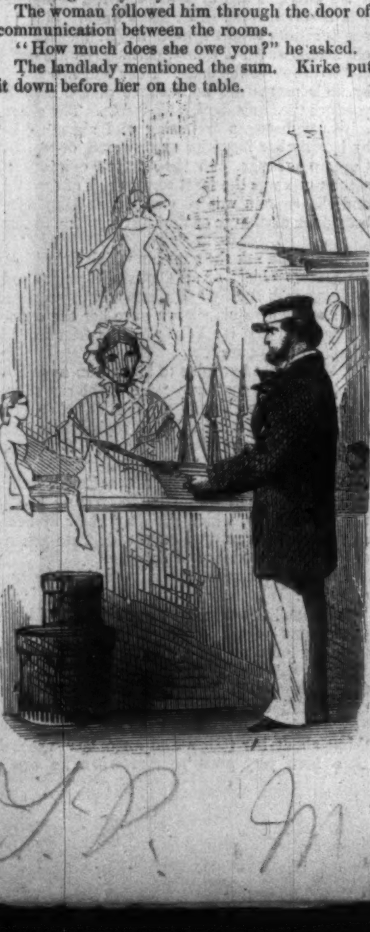
CHAPTER I.—(*Continued.*)

"Is there any one in the front room?" said Kirke, in a whisper. "Come in there; I have something to say to you."

The woman followed him through the door of communication between the rooms.

"How much does she owe you?" he asked.

The landlady mentioned the sum. Kirke put it down before her on the table.



"Where is your husband?" was his next question.

"Waiting at the public-house, Sir, till the hour is up."

"You can take him the money or not, as you think right," said Kirke, quietly. "I have only one thing to tell you, so far as your husband is concerned. If you want to see every bone in his skin broken let him come to the house while I am in it. Stop! I have something more to say. Do you know of any doctor in the neighborhood who can be depended on?"

"Not in our neighborhood, Sir. But I know of one within half an hour's walk of us?"

"Take the cab at the door, and if you find him at home bring him back in it. Say I am waiting here for his opinion on a very serious case. He shall be well paid, and you shall be well paid. Make haste!"

The woman left the room.

Kirke sat down alone to wait for her return. He hid his face in his hands, and tried to realize the strange and touching situation in which the accident of a moment had placed him.

Hidden in the squalid by-ways of London, under a false name, cast, friendless and helpless, on the mercy of strangers by illness which had struck her prostrate, mind and body alike, so he met her again, the woman who had opened a new world of beauty to his mind—the woman who had called Love to life in him by a look! What horrible misfortune had struck her so cruelly, and struck her so low? What mysterious destiny had guided him to the last refuge of her poverty and despair in the hour of her sorest need? "If it is ordered that I am to see her again I *shall* see her." Those words came back to him now—the memorable words that he had spoken to his sister at parting. With that thought in his heart he had gone where his duty waited for him. Months and months had passed; thousands and thousands of miles, protracting their desolate length on the unresting waters, had rolled between them. And through the lapse of time, and over the waste of oceans, day after day, and night after night, as the winds of heaven blew, and the good ship toiled on before them, he had advanced nearer and nearer to the end that was waiting for him—he had journeyed blindfold to the meeting on the threshold of that miserable door. "What has brought me here?" he said to himself in a whisper. "The mercy of chance? No! The mercy of God."

He waited, unregardful of the place, unconscious of the time, until the sound of footsteps on the stairs came suddenly between him and his thoughts. The door opened, and the doctor was shown into the room.

"Dr. Merrick," said the landlady, placing a chair for him.

"*Mr.* Merrick," said the visitor, smiling quietly as he took the chair. "I am not a physician—I am a surgeon in general practice."

Physician or surgeon, there was something in his face and manner which told Kirke at a glance that he was a man to be relied on.

After a few preliminary words on either side, Mr. Merrick sent the landlady into the bedroom to see if his patient was awake or asleep. The woman returned, and said she was "betwixt the two, light in the head again, and burning hot." The doctor went at once into the bedroom, telling the landlady to follow him, and to close the door behind her.

A weary time passed before he came back into the front room. When he reappeared his face spoke for him before any question could be asked.

"Is it a serious illness?" said Kirke, his voice sinking low, his eyes anxiously fixed on the doctor's face.

"It is a *dangerous* illness," said Mr. Merrick, with an emphasis on the word.

He drew his chair nearer to Kirke, and looked at him attentively.

"May I ask you some questions which are not strictly medical?" he inquired.

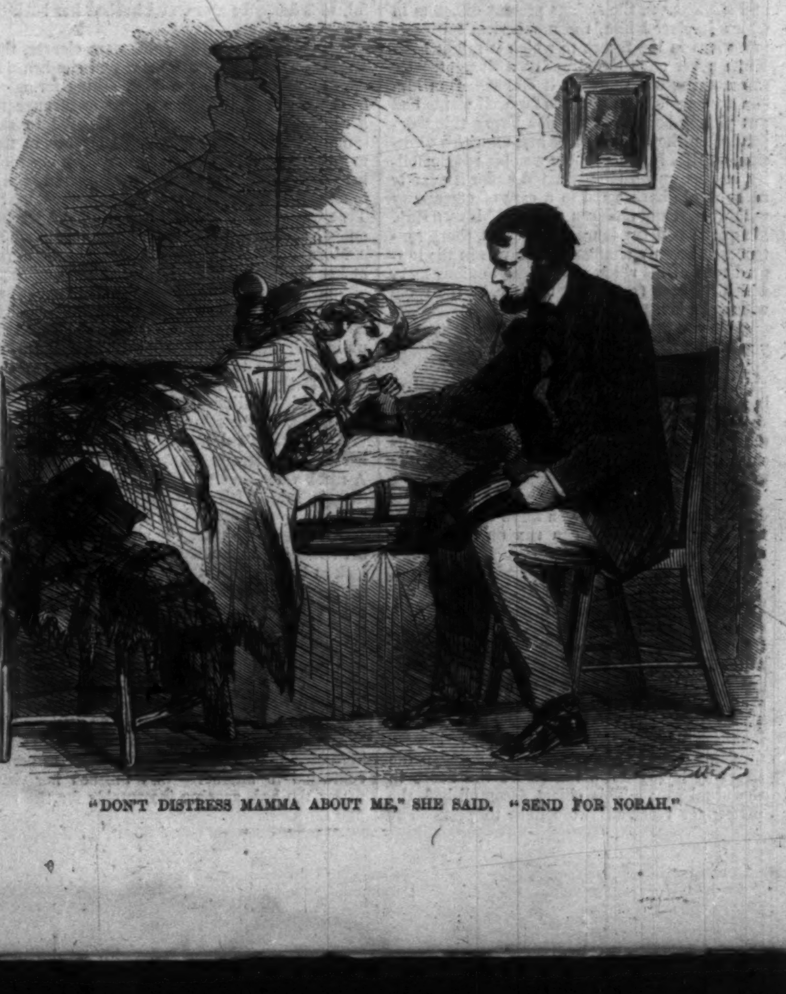
Kirke bowed.

"Can you tell me what her life has been before she came into this house, and before she fell ill?"

"I have no means of knowing. I have just returned to England after a long absence."

"Did you know of her coming here?"

"I only discovered it by accident."



"DON'T DISTRESS MAMMA ABOUT ME," SHE SAID. "SEND FOR NORAH."

S.P. M94

"Has she no female relations? No mother? no sister? no one to take care of her but yourself?"

"No one—unless I can succeed in tracing her relations. No one but myself."

Mr. Merrick was silent. He looked at Kirke more attentively than ever. "Strange!" thought the doctor. "He is here in sole charge of her—and is this all he knows?"

Kirke saw the doubt in his face, and addressed himself straight to that doubt before another word passed between them.

"I see my position here surprises you," he said, simply. "Will you consider it the position of a relation—the position of her brother, or her father—until her friends can be found?" His voice faltered, and he laid his hand earnestly on the doctor's arm. "I have taken this trust on myself," he said; "and, as God shall judge me, I will not be unworthy of it!"

The poor weary head lay on his breast again, and the poor fevered fingers clasped his hand once more as he spoke those words.

"I believe you," said the doctor, warmly. "I believe you are an honest man. Pardon me, if I have seemed to intrude myself on your confidence. I respect your reserve—from this moment it is sacred to me. In justice to both of us, let me say that the questions I have asked were not prompted by mere curiosity. No common cause will account for the illness which has laid my patient on that bed. She has suffered some long-continued mental trial—some wearing and terrible suspense, and she has broken down under it. It might have helped me if I could have known what the nature of the trial was, and how long or how short a time elapsed before she sank under it. In that hope I spoke."

"When you told me she was dangerously ill," said Kirke, "did you mean danger to her reason or to her life?"

"To both," replied Mr. Merrick. "Her whole nervous system has given way; all the ordinary functions of her brain are in a state of collapse. I can give you no plainer explanation than that of the nature of the malady. The fever which frightens the people of the house is merely the effect. The cause is what I have told you. She may lie on that bed for weeks to come—passing alternately, without a gleam of consciousness, from a state of delirium to a state of repose. You must not be alarmed if you find her sleep lasting far beyond the natural time. That sleep is a better remedy than any I can give, and nothing must disturb it. All our art can accomplish is to watch her—to help her with stimulants from time to time—and to wait for what Nature will do."

"Must she remain here? Is there no hope of our being able to move her to a better place?"

"No hope whatever for the present. She has already been disturbed, as I understand, and she is seriously the worse for it. Even if she gets better, even if she comes to herself again, it would still be a dangerous experiment to move her too soon—the least excitement or alarm would be fatal to her. You must make the best of this place as it is. The landlady has my directions, and I will send a good nurse to help her. There is nothing more to be done. So far as her life can be said to be in any human hands, it is as much in your hands now as in mine. Every thing depends on the care that is taken of her, under your direction, in this house." With those farewell words he rose and quitted the room.

Left by himself, Kirke walked to the door of communication, and knocking at it softly, told the landlady he wished to speak with her.

He was far more composed, far more like his own resolute self, after his interview with the doctor than he had been before it. A man living in the artificial social atmosphere which *this* man had never breathed would have felt painfully the worldly side of the situation—its novelty and strangeness, the serious present difficulty in which it placed him, the numberless misinterpretations in the future to which it might lead. Kirke never gave the situation a thought. He saw nothing but the duty it claimed from him—a duty which the doctor's farewell words had put plainly before his mind. Every thing depended on the care taken of her, under his direction, in that house. There was his responsibility, and he unconsciously acted under it exactly as he would have acted in a case of emergency with women and children on board his own ship. He questioned the landlady in short, sharp sentences; the only change in him was in the lowered tone of his voice, and in the anxious looks which he cast, from time to time, at the room where she lay.

"Do you understand what the doctor has told you?"

"Yes, Sir."

"The house must be kept quiet. Who lives in the house?"

"Only me and my daughter, Sir; we live in the parlors. Times have gone badly with us since Lady-Day. Both the rooms above this are to let."

"I will take them both, and the two rooms down here as well. Do you know of any active, trust-worthy man who can run on errands for me?"

"Yes, Sir. Shall I go—?"

"No. Let your daughter go. You must not leave the house till the nurse comes. Don't send the messenger up here. Men of that sort tread heavily. I'll go down and speak to him at the door."

He went down when the messenger came, and sent him first to purchase pen, ink, and paper. The man's next errand dispatched him to make inquiries for a person who could provide for deadening the sound of passing wheels in the street by laying down tan before the house in the usual way. This object accomplished, the messenger received two letters to post. The first was addressed to Kirke's brother-in-law. It told him, in few and plain words, what had happened, and left him to break the news to his wife as he thought best. The second letter was directed to the landlord of the Aldborough Hotel. Magdalen's assumed name at North Shingles was the only name by which Kirke knew her; and the one chance of tracing her relatives that he could discern was the chance of discovering her reputed uncle and aunt by means of inquiries starting from Aldborough.

Toward the close of the afternoon a decent, middle-aged woman came to the house with a letter from Mr. Merrick. She was well known to the doctor as a trust-worthy and careful person, who had nursed his own wife; and she would be assisted, from time to time, by a lady, who was a member of a religious Sisterhood in the district, and whose compassionate interest had been warmly aroused in the case. Toward eight o'clock that evening the doctor himself would call, and see that his patient wanted for nothing.

The arrival of the nurse, and the relief of knowing that she was to be trusted, left Kirke free to think of himself. His luggage was ready packed for his contemplated journey to Suffolk the next day. It was merely necessary to transport it from the hotel to the house in Aaron's Buildings.

He stopped once only on his way to the hotel to look at a toy-shop in one of the great thoroughfares. The miniature ships in the window reminded him of his nephew. "My little namesake will be sadly disappointed at not seeing me to-morrow," he thought. "I must make it up to the boy by sending him something from his uncle." He went into the shop and bought one of the ships. It was secured in a box, and packed and directed in his presence. He put a card on the deck of the miniature vessel before the cover of the box was nailed on bearing this inscription: "A ship for the little sailor—with the big sailor's love." "Children like to be written to, ma'am," he said, apologetically, to the woman behind the counter. "Send the box as soon as you can. I am anxious the boy should get it to-morrow."

Toward the dusk of the evening he returned with his luggage to Aaron's Buildings. He took off his boots in the passage, and carried his trunk up stairs himself, stopping, as he passed the first floor, to make his inquiries. Mr. Merrick was present to answer them.

"She was awake, and wandering," he said, "a few minutes since. But we have succeeded in composing her, and she is sleeping now."

"Have no words escaped her, Sir, which might help us to find her friends?"

The doctor shook his head.

"Weeks and weeks may pass yet," he said, "and that poor girl's story may still be a sealed secret to all of us. We can only wait."

So the day ended—the first of many days that were to come.

CHAPTER II.

The warm sunlight of July shining softly through a green blind; an open window with fresh flowers set on the sill; a strange bed in a strange room; a giant figure of the female sex (like a dream of Mrs. Wragge) towering aloft on one side of the bed, and trying to clap its hands; another woman (a stranger) stopping the hands before they could make any noise; a mild expostulating voice (like a dream of Mrs. Wragge again) breaking the silence in these words: "She knows me, ma'am, she knows me; if I mustn't be happy, it will be the death of me!"—such were the first sights, such were the first sounds to which, after six weeks of oblivion, Magdalen suddenly and strangely awoke.

After a little the sights grew dim again, and the sounds sank into silence. Sleep, the merciful, took her once more, and hushed her back to repose.

Another day and the sights were clearer, the sounds were louder. Another, and she heard a man's voice, through the door, asking for news from the sick-room. The voice was strange to her; it was always cautiously lowered to the same quiet tone. It inquired after her in the morning when she woke, at noon when she took her refreshment, in the evening before she dropped to sleep again. "Who is so anxious about me?" That was the first thought her mind was strong enough to form: "Who is so anxious about me?"

More days—and she could speak to the nurse at her bedside; she could answer the questions of an elderly man, who knew far more about her than she knew about herself, and who told her he was Mr. Merrick, the doctor; she could sit up in bed, supported by pillows, wondering what had happened to her, and where she was; she could feel a growing curiosity about that quiet voice, which still asked after her, morning, noon, and night, on the other side of the door.

Another day's delay—and Mr. Merrick asked her if she was strong enough to see an old friend. A meek voice, behind him, articulating high in the air, said, "It's only me!" The voice was followed by the prodigious bodily apparition of Mrs. Wragge, with her cap all awry, and one of her shoes in the next room. "Oh, look at her! look at her!" cried Mrs. Wragge, in an ecstasy, dropping on her knees at Magdalen's bedside, with a thump that shook the house. "Bless her heart, she's well enough to laugh at me already. 'Cheer, boys, cheer—!' I beg your pardon, doctor, my conduct isn't lady-like, I know. It's my head, Sir; it isn't *me*. I must get vent somehow or my head will burst!" No coherent sentence, in answer to any sort of question put to her, could be extracted that morning from Mrs. Wragge. She rose from one climax of verbal confusion to another—and finished her visit, under the bed, groping inscrutably for the second shoe.

The morrow came, and Mr. Merrick promised that she should see another old friend on the next day. In the evening, when the inquiring voice asked after her, as usual, and when the door was opened a few inches to give the reply, she answered faintly for herself: "I am better, thank you." There was a moment of silence; and then, just as the door was shut again, the voice sank to a whisper, and said, fervently, "Thank God!" Who was he? She had asked them all, and no one would tell her. Who was he?

The next day came, and she heard her door opened softly. Brisk footsteps tripped into the room; a lithe little figure advanced to the bedside. Was it a dream again? No! There he was in his own evergreen reality, with the copious flow of language pouring smoothly from his lips; with the lambent dash of humor twinkling in his parti-colored eyes, there he was, more audacious, more persuasive, more respectable than ever; in a suit of glossy black, with a speckless white cravat, and a rampant shirt-frill—the unblushing, the invincible, the unchangeable Wragge!

"Not a word, my dear girl!" said the captain, seating himself comfortably at the bedside, in his old confidential way. "I am to do all the talking; and I think you will own that a more competent man for the purpose could not possibly have been found. I am really delighted—honestly delighted, if I may use such an apparently inappropriate word—to see you again, and to see you getting well. I have often thought of you; I have often missed you; I have often said to myself—never mind what! Clear the stage, and drop the curtain on the past. *Dum vivimus, vivamus!* Pardon the pedantry of a Latin quotation, my dear, and tell me how I look. Am I, or am I not, the picture of a prosperous man?"

Magdalen attempted to answer him. The captain's deluge of words flowed over her again in a moment.

"Don't exert yourself," he said. "I'll put all your questions for you. What have I been about? Why do I look so remarkably well off? And how in the world did I find my way to this house? My dear girl, I have been occupied, since we last saw each other, in slightly modifying my old professional habits. I have shifted from Moral Agriculture to Medical Agriculture. Formerly I preyed on the public sympathy; now I prey on the public stomach. Stomach and sympathy, sympathy and stomach—look them both fairly in the face when you reach the wrong side of fifty, and you will agree with me that they come to much the same thing. However that may be, here I am—incredible as it may appear—a man with an income, at last. The founders of my fortune are three in number. Their names are Aloes, Scammony, and Gamboge. In plainer words, I am now living—on a Pill. I made a little money (if you remember) by my friendly connection with you. I made a little more by the happy decease (*Requiescat in Pace!*) of that female relative of Mrs. Wragge's from whom, as I told you, my wife had expectations. Very good. What do you think I did? I invested the whole of my capital, at one fell swoop, in advertisements, and purchased my drugs and my pill-boxes on credit. The result is now before you. Here I am, a Grand Financial Fact. Here I am, with my clothes positively paid for; with a balance at my banker's; with my servant in livery, and my gig at the door; solvent, flourishing, popular—and all on a Pill."

Magdalen smiled. The captain's face assumed an expression of meek gravity: he looked as if there was a serious side to the question, and as if he meant to put it next.

"It's no laughing matter to the public, my dear," he said. "They can't get rid of me and my Pill—they must take us. There is not a single form of appeal in the whole range of human advertisement which I am not making to the unfortunate public at this moment. Hire the last new novel—there I am, inside the boards of the book. Send for the last new Song—the instant you open the leaves I drop out of it. Take a cab—I fly in at the window in red. Buy a box of tooth-powder at the chemist's—I wrap it up for you in blue. Show yourself at the theatre—I flutter down on you in yellow. The mere titles of my advertisements are quite irresistible. Let me quote a few from last week's issue. Proverbial Title: 'A Pill in Time saves Nine.' Familiar Title: 'Excuse me, how is your Stomach?' Patriotic Title: 'What are the three characteristics of a true-born Englishman? His Hearth, his Home, and his Pill.' Title in the form of a nursery dialogue: 'Mamma, I am not well.' 'What is the matter, my pet?' 'I want a little Pill.' Title in the form of a Historical Anecdote: 'New Discovery in the Mine of English History. When the Princes were smothered in the Tower, their faithful attendant collected all the little possessions left behind them. Among the touching trifles dear to the poor boys he found a tiny Box. It contained the Pill of the Period. Is it necessary to say how inferior that Pill was to its Modern Successor, which prince and peasant alike may now obtain—' Et cetera, et cetera. The place in which my Pill is made is an advertisement in itself. I have got one of the largest shops in London. Behind one counter (visible to the public through the lucid medium of plate-glass) are four-and-twenty young men, in white aprons, making the Pill. Behind another counter are four-and-twenty young men, in white cravats, making the boxes. At the bottom of the shop are three elderly accountants posting the vast financial transactions accruing from the Pill in three enormous ledgers. Over the door are my name, portrait, and autograph, expanded to colossal proportions, and surrounded, in flowing letters, by the motto of the establishment: 'Down with the Doctors!' Even Mrs. Wragge contributes her quota to this prodigious enterprise. She is the celebrated woman whom I have cured of indescribable agonies from every complaint under the sun. Her portrait is engraved on all the wrappers, with the following inscription beneath it: 'Before she took the Pill you might have blown this patient away with a feather. Look at her now!!!' Last, not least, my dear girl, the Pill is the cause of my finding my way to this house. My department in the prodigious Enterprise already mentioned is to scour the United Kingdom in a gig, establishing Agencies every where. While founding one of these Agencies I heard of a certain friend of mine, who had lately landed in England after a long sea voyage. I got his address in London—he was a lodger in this house. I called on him forthwith, and was stunned by the news of your illness. Such, in brief, is the history of my existing connection with British Medicine; and so it happens that you see me at the present moment, sitting in the present chair, now as ever, yours truly, Horatio Wragge."

In these terms the captain brought his personal statement to a close. He looked more and more attentively at Magdalen the nearer he got to the conclusion. Was there some latent importance attaching to his last words which did not appear on the face of them? There was. His visit to the sick-room had a serious object, and that object he had now approached.

In describing the circumstances under which he had become acquainted with Magdalen's present position Captain Wragge had skirted, with his customary dexterity, round the remote boundaries of truth. Emboldened by the absence of any public scandal in connection with Noel Vanstone's marriage, or with the event of his death as announced in the newspaper obituary, the captain, roaming the eastern circuit, had ventured back to Aldborough, a fortnight since, to establish an agency there for the sale of his wonderful Pill. No one had recognized him but the landlady of the hotel, who at once insisted on his entering the house and reading Kirke's letter to her husband. The same night Captain Wragge was in London, and was closeted with the sailor, in the second-floor room at Aaron's Buildings.

The serious nature of the situation, the indisputable certainty that Kirke must fail in tracing Magdalen's friends, unless he first knew who she really was, had decided the captain on disclosing part, at least, of the truth. Declining to enter into any particulars—for family reasons, which Magdalen might explain on her recovery, if she pleased—he astounded Kirke by telling him that the friendless woman whom he had rescued, and whom he had only known, up to that moment, as Miss Bygrave, was no other than the youngest daughter of Andrew Vanstone. The disclosure, on Kirke's side, of his father's connection with the young officer in Canada, had followed naturally on the revelation of Magdalen's real name. Captain Wragge had expressed his surprise, but had made no further remark at the time. A fortnight later, however, when the patient's recovery forced the serious difficulty on the doctor of meeting the questions which Magdalen was sure to ask, the captain's ingenuity had come, as usual, to the rescue.

"You can't tell her the truth," he said, "without awakening painful recollections of her stay at Aldborough, into which I am not at liberty to enter. Don't acknowledge, just yet, that Mr. Kirke only knew her as Miss Bygrave of North Shingles when he found her in this house. Tell her boldly that he knew who she was, and that he felt (what she must feel) that he had a hereditary right to help and protect her, as his father's son. I am, as I have already told you," continued the captain, sticking fast to his old assertion, "a distant relative of the Combe-Raven family; and if there is nobody else at hand to help you through this difficulty, my services are freely at your disposal."

No one else was at hand, and the emergency was a serious one. Strangers undertaking the responsibility might ignorantly jar on past recollections, which it would, perhaps, be the death of her to revive too soon. Near relatives might, by their premature appearance at the bedside, produce the same deplorable result. The alternative lay between irritating and alarming her by leaving her inquiries unanswered, or trusting Captain Wragge. In the doctor's opinion, the second risk was the least serious risk of the two; and the captain was now seated at Magdalen's bedside in discharge of the trust confided to him.

Would she ask the question which it had been the private object of all Captain Wragge's preliminary talk lightly and pleasantly to provoke? Yes: as soon as his silence gave her the opportunity she asked it: Who was that friend of his living in the house?

"You ought by rights to know him as well as I do," said the captain. "He is the son of one of your father's old military friends, when your father was quartered with his regiment in Canada. Your cheeks mustn't flush up. If they do, I shall go away."

She was astonished, but not agitated. Captain Wragge had begun by interesting her in the remote past, which she only knew by hearsay, before he ventured on the delicate ground of her own experience.

In a moment more she advanced to her next question: What was his name?

"Kirke," proceeded the captain. "Did you never hear of his father, Major Kirke, commanding officer of the regiment in Canada? Did you never hear that the major helped your father through a great difficulty, like the best of good fellows and good friends?"

Yes; she faintly fancied she had heard something about her father and an officer who had once been very good to him when he was a young man. But she could not look back so long. Was Mr. Kirke poor?

Even Captain Wragge's penetration was puzzled by that question. He gave the true answer at hazard. "No," he said, "not poor."

Her next inquiry showed what she had been thinking of. If Mr. Kirke was not poor, why did he come to live in that house?

"She has caught me!" thought the captain. "There is only one way out of it; I must administer another dose of truth. Mr. Kirke discovered you here by chance," he proceeded aloud, "very ill, and not nicely attended to. Somebody was wanted to take care of you while you were not able to take care of yourself. Why not Mr. Kirke? He was the son of your father's old friend, which is the next thing to being *your* old friend. Who had a better claim to send for the right doctor and get the right nurse when I was not here to cure you with my wonderful Pill? Gently! gently! you mustn't take hold of my superfine black coat sleeve in that unceremonious manner."

He put her hand back on the bed; but she was not to be checked in that way. She persisted in asking another question. How came Mr. Kirke to know her? She had never seen him; she had never heard of him in her life.

"Very likely," said the captain. "But your never having seen *him* is no reason why he should not have seen *you*."

"When did he see me?"

Captain Wragge corked up his doses of truth on the spot without a moment's hesitation.

"Some time ago, my dear. I can't exactly say when."

"Only once?"

Captain Wragge suddenly saw his way to the administration of another dose. "Yes," he said. "Only once."

She reflected a little. The next question involved the simultaneous expression of two ideas—and the next question cost her an effort.

"He only saw me once," she said; "and he only saw me some time ago. How came he to remember me when he found me here?"

"Aha!" said the captain. "Now you have hit the right nail on the head at last. You can't possibly be more surprised at his remembering you than I am. A word of advice, my dear. When you are well enough to get up and see Mr. Kirke, try how that sharp question of yours sounds in *his* ears—and insist on his answering it himself." Slipping out of the dilemma in that characteristically adroit manner, Captain Wragge got briskly on his legs again and took up his hat.

"Wait!" she pleaded. "I want to ask you—"

"Not another word," said the captain. "I have given you quite enough to think of for one day. My time is up, and my gig is waiting for me. I am off to scour the country as usual. I am off to cultivate the field of public indigestion with the triple plowshare of aloes, scammony, and gamboge." He stopped, and turned round at the door. "By-the-by, a message from my unfortunate wife. If you will allow her to come and see you again, Mrs. Wragge solemnly promises *not* to lose her shoe next time. *I* don't believe her. What do you say? May she come?"

"Yes; whenever she likes," said Magdalen. "If I ever get well again may poor Mrs. Wragge come and stay with me?"

"Certainly, my dear. If you have no objection I will provide her beforehand with a few thousand impressions in red, blue, and yellow of her own portrait ('You might have blown this patient away with a feather before she took the Pill. Look at her now!'). She is sure to drop herself about perpetually wherever she goes, and the most gratifying results, in an advertising point of view, must inevitably follow. Don't think me mercenary. I merely understand the age I live in." He stopped on his way out, for the second time, and turned round once more at the door. "You have been a remarkably good girl," he said, "and you deserve to be rewarded for it. I'll give you a last piece of information before I go. Have you heard any body inquiring after you, for the last day or two, outside your door? Ah, I see you have. A word in your ear, my dear. That's Mr. Kirke." He tripped away from the bedside as briskly as ever. Magdalen heard him advertising himself to the nurse before he closed the door. "If you are ever asked about it," he said, in a confidential whisper, "the name is Wragge; and the Pill is to be had in neat boxes, price thirteen-pence-halfpenny, government stamp included. Take a few copies of the portrait of a female patient whom you might have blown away with a feather before she took the Pill, and whom you are simply requested to contemplate now. Many thanks. *Good*-morning."

The door closed and Magdalen was alone again. She felt no sense of solitude, Captain Wragge had left her with something new to think of. Hour after hour her mind dwelt wonderingly on Mr. Kirke until the evening came and she heard his voice again through the half-opened door.

"I am very grateful," she said to him, before the nurse could answer his inquiries—"very, very grateful for all your kindness to me."

"Try to get well," he replied, kindly. "You will more than reward me if you try to get well."

The next morning Mr. Merrick found her impatient to leave her bed and be moved to the sofa in the front room. The doctor said he supposed she wanted a change. "Yes," she replied, "I want to see Mr. Kirke." The doctor consented to move her on the next day, but he positively forbade the additional excitement of seeing any body until the day after. She attempted a remonstrance—Mr. Merrick was impenetrable. She tried when he was gone to win the nurse by persuasion—the nurse was impenetrable too.

On the next day they wrapped her in shawls and carried her in to the sofa and made her a little bed on it. On the table near at hand were some flowers and a number of an illustrated newspaper. She immediately asked who had put them there. The nurse (failing to notice a warning look from the doctor) said Mr. Kirke had thought that she might like the flowers, and that the pictures in the paper might amuse her. After that reply her anxiety to see Mr. Kirke became too ungovernable to be trifled with. The doctor left the room at once to fetch him.

She looked eagerly at the opening door. Her first glance at him as he came in raised a doubt in her mind whether she now saw that tall figure and that open sun-burnt face for the first time. But she was too weak and too agitated to follow her recollections as far back as Aldborough. She resigned the attempt and only looked at him. He stopped at the foot of the sofa and said a few cheering words. She beckoned to him to come nearer, and offered him her wasted hand. He tenderly took it in his and sat down by her. They were both silent. His face told her of the sorrow and the sympathy which his silence would fain have concealed. She still held his hand—consciously now—as persistently as she had held it on the day when he found her. Her eyes closed after a vain effort to speak to him, and the tears rolled slowly over her wan white cheeks.

The doctor signed to Kirke to wait and give her time. She recovered a little and looked at him: "How kind you have been to me!" she murmured. "And how little I have deserved it!"

"Hush! hush!" he said. "You don't know what a happiness it was to me to help you."

The sound of his voice seemed to strengthen her, and to give her courage. She lay looking at him with an eager interest, with a gratitude which artlessly ignored all the conventional restraints that interpose between a woman and a man. "Where did you see me," she said, suddenly, "before you found me here?"

Kirke hesitated. Mr. Merrick came to his assistance.

"I forbid you to say a word about the past to Mr. Kirke," interposed the doctor; "and I forbid Mr. Kirke to say a word about it to *you*. You are beginning a new life to-day; and the only recollections I sanction are recollections five minutes old."

She looked at the doctor and smiled. "I must ask him one question," she said, and turned back again to Kirke. "Is it true that you had only seen me once before you came to this house?"

"Quite true!" He made the reply with a sudden change of color, which she instantly detected. Her brightening eyes looked at him more earnestly than ever, as she put her next question:

"How came you to remember me, after only seeing me once?"

His hand unconsciously closed on hers, and pressed it for the first time. He attempted to answer, and hesitated at the first word. "I have a good memory," he said at last, and suddenly looked away from her, with a confusion so strangely unlike his customary self-possession of manner that the doctor and the nurse both noticed it.

Every nerve in her body felt that momentary pressure of his hand with the exquisite susceptibility which accompanies the first faltering advance on the way to health. She looked at his changing color, she listened to his hesitating words, with every sensitive perception of her sex and age quickened to seize intuitively on the truth. In the moment when he looked away from her she gently took her hand from him and turned her head aside on the pillow. "*Can* it be?" she thought, with a flutter of delicious fear at her heart, with a glow of delicious confusion burning on her cheeks. "*Can* it be?"

The doctor made another sign to Kirke. He understood it, and rose immediately. The momentary discomposure in his face and manner had both disappeared. He was satisfied in his own mind that he had successfully kept his secret, and in the relief of feeling that conviction he had become himself again.

"Good-by, till to-morrow," he said, as he left the room.

"Good-by," she answered, softly, without looking at him.

Mr. Merrick took the chair which Kirke had resigned and laid his hand on her pulse. "Just what I feared," remarked the doctor; "too quick by half."

She petulantly snatched away her wrist. "Don't!" she said, shrinking from him. "Pray don't touch me!"

Mr. Merrick good-humoredly gave up his place to the nurse. "I'll return in half an hour," he whispered, "and carry her back to bed. Don't let her talk. Show her the pictures in the newspaper, and keep her quiet in that way."

When the doctor returned the nurse reported that the newspaper had not been wanted. The patient's conduct had been exemplary. She had not been at all restless, and she had never spoken a word.

The days passed; and the time grew longer and longer which the doctor allowed her to spend in the front room. She was soon able to dispense with the bed on the sofa—she could be dressed, and could sit up, supported by pillows, in an arm-chair. Her hours of emancipation from the bedroom represented the great daily event of her life. They were the hours she passed in Kirke's society.

She had a double interest in him now—her interest in the man whose protecting care had saved her reason and her life; her interest in the man whose heart's dearest and deepest secret she had surprised. Little by little they grew as easy and familiar with each other as old friends; little by little she presumed on all her privileges, and wound her way unsuspected into the most intimate knowledge of his nature.

Her questions were endless. Every thing that he could tell her of himself and his life she drew from him, delicately and insensibly; he, the least self-conscious of mankind, became an egotist in her dextrous hands. She found out his pride in his ship, and practiced on it without remorse. She drew him into talking of the fine qualities of the vessel, of the great things the vessel had done in emergencies, as he had never in his life talked yet to any living creature on shore. She found him out in private sea-faring anxieties and unutterable sea-faring exultations, which he had kept a secret from his own mate. She watched his kindling face with a delicious sense of triumph in adding fuel to the fire; she trapped him into forgetting all considerations of time and place, and striking as hearty a stroke on the rickety little lodging-house table, in the fervor of his talk, as if his hand had descended on the solid bulwark of his ship. His confusion at the discovery of his own forgetfulness secretly delighted her: she could have cried with pleasure when he penitently wondered what he could possibly have been thinking of.

At other times she drew him from dwelling on the pleasures of his life, and led him into talking of its perils—the perils of that jealous mistress the sea, which had absorbed so much of his existence, which had kept him so strangely innocent and ignorant of the world on shore. Twice he had been shipwrecked. Times innumerable he and all with him had been threatened with death, and had escaped their doom by the narrowness of a hair's-breadth. He was always unwilling, at the outset, to speak of this dark and dreadful side of his life: it was only by adroitly tempting him, by laying little snares for him in his talk, that she lured him into telling her of the terrors of the great deep. She sat listening to him with a breathless interest, looking at him with a breathless wonder, as those fearful stories—made doubly vivid by the simple language in which he told them—fell, one by one, from his lips. His noble unconsciousness of his own heroism—the artless modesty with which he described his own acts of dauntless endurance and devoted courage, without an idea that they were any thing more than plain acts of duty to which he was bound by the vocation that he followed—raised him to a place in her estimation so hopelessly high above her that she became uneasy and impatient until she had pulled down the idol again which she herself had set up. It was on these occasions that she most rigidly exacted from him all those little familiar attentions so precious to women in their intercourse with men. "This hand"—she thought, with an exquisite delight in secretly following the idea while he was close to her—"this hand that has rescued the drowning from death is shifting my pillows so tenderly that I hardly know when they are moved. This hand that has seized men mad with mutiny, and driven them back to their duty by main force, is mixing my lemonade and peeling my fruit more delicately and more neatly than I could do it for myself. Oh, if I could be a man, how I should like to be such a man as this!"

She never allowed her thoughts, while she was in his presence, to lead her beyond that point. It was only when the night had separated them that she ventured to let her mind dwell on the self-sacrificing devotion which had so mercifully rescued her. Kirke little knew how she thought of him, in the secrecy of her own chamber, during the quiet hours that elapsed before she sunk to sleep. No suspicion crossed his mind of the influence which he was exerting over her—of the new spirit which he was breathing into that new life, so sensitively open to impression in the first freshness of its recovered sense! "She has nobody else to amuse her, poor thing!" he used to think, sadly, sitting alone in his small second-floor room. "If a rough fellow like me can beguile the weary hours, till her friends come here, she is heartily welcome to all that I can tell her."

He was out of spirits and restless now whenever he was by himself. Little by little, he fell into a habit of taking long lonely walks at night, when Magdalen thought he was sleeping up stairs. Once he went away abruptly in the day-time—on business, as he said. Something had passed between Magdalen and himself the evening before, which had led her into telling him her age. "Twenty, last birthday," he thought. "Take twenty from forty-one! An easy sum in subtraction—as easy a sum as my little nephew could wish for." He walked to the Docks, and looked bitterly at the shipping. "I mustn't forget how a ship is made," he said. "It won't be long before I am back at the old work again." On leaving the Docks he paid a visit to a brother-sailor, a married man. In the course of conversation, he asked how much older his friend might be than his friend's wife. There was six years' difference between them. "I suppose that's difference enough?" said Kirke. "Yes," said his friend. "Quite enough. Are you looking out for a wife, at last? Try a seasoned woman of thirty-five; that's your mark, Kirke, as near as I can calculate."

The time passed smoothly and quickly—the present time, in which *she* was recovering so happily—the present time, which *he* was beginning to distrust already.

Early one morning Mr. Merrick surprised Kirke by a visit in his little room on the second floor.

"I came to the conclusion yesterday," said the doctor, entering abruptly on his business, "that our patient was strong enough to justify us, at last, in running all risks, and communicating with her friends; and I have accordingly followed the clew which that queer fellow, Captain Wragge, put into our hands. You remember he advised us to apply to Mr. Pendril, the lawyer? I saw Mr. Pendril two days ago, and was referred by him—not over-willingly, as I thought—to a lady, named Miss Garth. I heard enough from her to satisfy me that we have exercised a wise caution in acting as we have done. It is a very, very sad story—and I am bound to say, that I, for one, make great allowances f[illegible] the poor girl down stairs. Her only [illegible]n in the world is her elder sister. I [illegible] suggested that the sister shall [illegible] her in the first instance—[illegible], if the letter does her no harm, follow it personally in a day or two. I have not given the address, by way of preventing any visits from being paid here without my permission. All I have done is to undertake to forward the letter; and I shall probably find it at my house when I get back. Can you stop at home until I send my man with it? There is not the least hope of my being able to bring it myself. All you need do is to watch for an opportunity when she is not in the front room, and to put the letter where she can see it when she comes in. The handwriting on the address will break the news before she opens the letter. Say nothing to her about it—take care that the landlady is within call—and leave her to herself. I know I can trust *you* to follow my directions; and that is why I ask you to do us this service. You look out of spirits this morning. Natural enough. You're used to plenty of fresh air, captain, and you're beginning to pine in this close place."

"May I ask a question, doctor? Is *she* pining in this close place, too? When her sister comes, will her sister take her away?"

"Decidedly—if my advice is followed. She will be well enough to be moved in a week or less. Good-day.—You are certainly out of spirits, and your hand feels feverish. Pining for the blue water, captain—pining for the blue water!" With that expression of opinion the doctor cheerfully went out.

In an hour the letter arrived. Kirke took it from the landlady reluctantly, and almost roughly, without looking at it. Having ascertained that Magdalen was still engaged at her toilet, and having explained to the landlady the necessity of remaining within call, he went down stairs immediately and put the letter on the table in the front room.

Magdalen heard the sound of the familiar step on the floor. "I shall soon be ready," she called to him through the door.

He made no reply—he took his hat and went out. After a momentary hesitation he turned his face eastward and called on the ship-owners who employed him, at their office in Cornhill.

THE EXECUTION OF THE MINNESOTA INDIANS.

ON page 37 we give an illustration of THE EXECUTION OF THIRTY-EIGHT INDIAN MURDERERS, which took place at Mankato, Minnesota, on 26th ult. We are indebted to Mr. Herman, of St. Peter, for the sketch we have reproduced. The St. Paul *Press* says:

> The gallows stood upon the high street close in front of the levee. It is estimated that not less than four thousand people, exclusive of the military, were in attendance. The gallows was erected in the form of a diamond, twenty-four feet on each angle, sufficient to execute ten on each side. A square was formed around the gallows by the military, and the citizens occupied the sand bar on the river. The ceremony was brief, and the whole number of savages were sent at the same moment before the Great Spirit to answer for their inhuman barbarities.
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> Upon leaving the stone building the condemned set up the death-dance and kept it up on the platform.
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> While the soldiers were at work upon the gallows a stranger came up to one of them who was planking the platform, and asked the privilege of "driving one nail." He wanted to drive it in a place where it would be of service. The soldier handed him his hammer and a nail, and told him where to drive. The man drove the nail home into a plank of the platform, thanked the soldier, said he was satisfied, and left.
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> William J. Duly, who had half his family massacred at Lake Shetek, was assigned by Colonel Miller the duty of cutting the rope. Another man offered five dollars for the privilege.
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> At precisely 10 o'clock the condemned were marshaled in a procession, and headed by Captain Redfield, marched out into the street, and directly across through files of soldiers to the scaffold, which had been erected in front, and were delivered to the Officer of the Day, Captain Burt. They went eagerly and cheerfully, even crowding and jostling each other to be ahead, just like a lot of hungry boarders rushing to dinner in a hotel. The soldiers who were on guard in their quarters stacked arms and followed them, and they in turn were followed by the clergy, reporters, etc.
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> As they commenced the ascent of the scaffold, the death-song was again started, and when they had all gone up, the noise they made was truly hideous. It seemed as if pandemonium had broken loose. It had a wonderful effect in keeping up their courage. One young fellow who had been given a cigar by one of the reporters, just before marching from their quarters, was smoking it on the stand, puffing away very coolly during the intervals of the hideous "Hi-yi-yi," "Hi-yi-yi," and even after the cap was drawn over his face, he managed to get it over his mouth and smoke. Another was smoking his pipe. The noose having been promptly adjusted over the necks of each, by Captain Libby, all was ready for the fatal signal.
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> The scene at this juncture was one of awful interest. A painful and breathless suspense held the vast crowd which had assembled from all quarters to witness the execution.
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> Three slow, measured, and distinct beats on the drum by Major Brown, who had been announced as signal officer, and the rope was cut by Mr. Duly, the scaffold fell, and thirty-seven lifeless bodies were left dangling between heaven and earth. One of the ropes was broken, and the body of Rattling Runner fell to the ground. The neck had probably been broken, as but little signs of life were observed, but he was immediately hung up again. While the signal-beat was being given numbers were seen to clasp the hands of their neighbors, which in several instances continued to be clasped till the bodies were cut down.
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> As the platform fell there was one, not loud, but prolonged cheer from the soldiery and citizens who were spectators, and then all were quiet and earnest witnesses of the scene. For so many there was but little suffering; the necks of all, or nearly all, were evidently dislocated by the fall, and the after-struggle was slight. The scaffold fell at a quarter past ten o'clock, and in twenty minutes the bodies had all been examined by Sugeons Le Boutillier, Sheardown, Finch, Clark, and others, and life pronounced extinct.
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> The bodies were then cut down, placed in four army wagons, and attended by Company K, as a burial party, and under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Marshall, were taken to the grave prepared for them, among the willows on the sand-bar, nearly in front of the town.

"Has she no female relations? No mother? no sister? no one to take care of her but yourself?"

"No one—unless I can succeed in tracing her relations. No one but myself."

Mr. Merrick was silent. He looked at Kirke more attentively than ever. "Strange!" thought the doctor. "He is here in sole charge of her—and is this all he knows?"

Kirke saw the doubt in his face, and addressed himself straight to that doubt before another word passed between them.

"I see my position here surprises you," he said, simply. "Will you consider it the position of a relation—the position of her brother, or her father—until her friends can be found?" His voice faltered, and he laid his hand earnestly on the doctor's arm. "I have taken this trust on myself," he said; "and, as God shall judge me, I will not be unworthy of it!"

The poor weary head lay on his breast again, and the poor fevered fingers clasped his hand once more as he spoke those words.

"I believe you," said the doctor, warmly. "I believe you are an honest man. Pardon me, if I have seemed to intrude myself on your confidence. I respect your reserve—from this moment it is sacred to me. In justice to both of us, let me say that the questions I have asked were not prompted by mere curiosity. No common cause will account for the illness which has laid my patient on that bed. She has suffered some long-continued mental trial—some wearing and terrible suspense, and she has broken down under it. It might have helped me if I could have known what the nature of the trial was, and how long or how short a time elapsed before she sank under it. In that hope I spoke."

"When you told me she was dangerously ill," said Kirke, "did you mean danger to her reason or to her life?"

"To both," replied Mr. Merrick. "Her whole nervous system has given way; all the ordinary functions of her brain are in a state of collapse. I can give you no plainer explanation than that of the nature of the malady. The fever which frightens the people of the house is merely the effect. The cause is what I have told you. She may lie on that bed for weeks to come—passing alternately, without a gleam of consciousness, from a state of delirium to a state of repose. You must not be alarmed if you find her sleep lasting far beyond the natural time. That sleep is a better remedy than any I can give, and nothing must disturb it. All our art can accomplish is to watch her—to help her with stimulants from time to time—and to wait for what Nature will do."

"Must she remain here? Is there no hope of our being able to move her to a better place?"

"No hope whatever for the present. She has already been disturbed, as I understand, and she is seriously the worse for it. Even if she gets better, even if she comes to herself again, it would still be a dangerous experiment to move her too soon—the least excitement or alarm would be fatal to her. You must make the best of this place as it is. The landlady has my directions, and I will send a good nurse to help her. There is nothing more to be done. So far as her life can be said to be in any human hands, it is as much in your hands now as in mine. Every thing depends on the care that is taken of her, under your direction, in this house." With those farewell words he rose and quitted the room.

Left by himself, Kirke walked to the door of communication, and knocking at it softly, told the landlady he wished to speak with her.

He was far more composed, far more like his own resolute self, after his interview with the doctor than he had been before it. A man living in the artificial social atmosphere which *this* man had never breathed would have felt painfully the worldly side of the situation—its novelty and strangeness, the serious present difficulty in which it placed him, the numberless misinterpretations in the future to which it might lead. Kirke never gave the situation a thought. He saw nothing but the duty it claimed from him—a duty which the doctor's farewell words had put plainly before his mind. Every thing depended on the care taken of her, under his direction, in that house. There was his responsibility, and he unconsciously acted under it exactly as he would have acted in a case of emergency with women and children on board his own ship. He questioned the landlady in short, sharp sentences; the only change in him was in the lowered tone of his voice, and in the anxious looks which he cast, from time to time, at the room where she lay.

"Do you understand what the doctor has told you?"

"Yes, Sir."

"The house must be kept quiet. Who lives in the house?"

"Only me and my daughter, Sir; we live in the parlors. Times have gone badly with us since Lady-Day. Both the rooms above this are to let."

"I will take them both, and the two rooms down here as well. Do you know of any active, trust-worthy man who can run on errands for me?"

"Yes, Sir. Shall I go—?"

"No. Let your daughter go. You must not leave the house till the nurse comes. Don't send the messenger up here. Men of that sort tread heavily. I'll go down and speak to him at the door."

He went down when the messenger came, and sent him first to purchase pen, ink, and paper. The man's next errand dispatched him to make inquiries for a person who could provide for deadening the sound of passing wheels in the street by laying down tan before the house in the usual way. This object accomplished, the messenger received two letters to post. The first was addressed to Kirke's brother-in-law. It told him, in few and plain words, what had happened, and left him to break the news to his wife as he thought best. The second letter was directed to the landlord of the Aldborough Hotel. Magdalen's assumed name at North Shingles was the only name by which Kirke knew her; and the one chance of tracing her relatives that he could discern was the chance of discovering her reputed uncle and aunt by means of inquiries starting from Aldborough.

Toward the close of the afternoon a decent, middle-aged woman came to the house with a letter from Mr. Merrick. She was well known to the doctor as a trust-worthy and careful person, who had nursed his own wife; and she would be assisted, from time to time, by a lady, who was a member of a religious Sisterhood in the district, and whose compassionate interest had been warmly aroused in the case. Toward eight o'clock that evening the doctor himself would call, and see that his patient wanted for nothing.

The arrival of the nurse, and the relief of knowing that she was to be trusted, left Kirke free to think of himself. His luggage was ready packed for his contemplated journey to Suffolk the next day. It was merely necessary to transport it from the hotel to the house in Aaron's Buildings.

He stopped once only on his way to the hotel to look at a toy-shop in one of the great thoroughfares. The miniature ships in the window reminded him of his nephew. "My little namesake will be sadly disappointed at not seeing me to-morrow," he thought. "I must make it up to the boy by sending him something from his uncle." He went into the shop and bought one of the ships. It was secured in a box, and packed and directed in his presence. He put a card on the deck of the miniature vessel before the cover of the box was nailed on bearing this inscription: "A ship for the little sailor—with the big sailor's love." "Children like to be written to, ma'am," he said, apologetically, to the woman behind the counter. "Send the box as soon as you can. I am anxious the boy should get it to-morrow."

Toward the dusk of the evening he returned with his luggage to Aaron's Buildings. He took off his boots in the passage, and carried his trunk up stairs himself, stopping, as he passed the first floor, to make his inquiries. Mr. Merrick was present to answer them.

"She was awake, and wandering," he said, "a few minutes since. But we have succeeded in composing her, and she is sleeping now."

"Have no words escaped her, Sir, which might help us to find her friends?"

The doctor shook his head.

"Weeks and weeks may pass yet," he said, "and that poor girl's story may still be a sealed secret to all of us. We can only wait."

So the day ended—the first of many days that were to come.

CHAPTER II.

THE warm sunlight of July shining softly through a green blind; an open window with fresh flowers set on the sill; a strange bed in a strange room; a giant figure of the female sex (like a dream of Mrs. Wragge) towering aloft on one side of the bed, and trying to clap its hands; another woman (a stranger) stopping the hands before they could make any noise; a mild expostulating voice (like a dream of Mrs. Wragge again) breaking the silence in these words: "She knows me, ma'am, she knows me; if I mustn't be happy, it will be the death of me!"—such were the first sights, such were the first sounds to which, after six weeks of oblivion, Magdalen suddenly and strangely awoke.

After a little the sights grew dim again, and the sounds sank into silence. Sleep, the merciful, took her once more, and hushed her back to repose.

Another day and the sights were clearer, the sounds were louder. Another, and she heard a man's voice, through the door, asking for news from the sick-room. The voice was strange to her; it was always cautiously lowered to the same quiet tone. It inquired after her in the morning when she woke, at noon when she took her refreshment, in the evening before she dropped to sleep again. "Who is so anxious about me?" That was the first thought her mind was strong enough to form: "Who is so anxious about me?"

More days—and she could speak to the nurse at her bedside; she could answer the questions of an elderly man, who knew far more about her than she knew about herself, and who told her he was Mr. Merrick, the doctor; she could sit up in bed, supported by pillows, wondering what had happened to her, and where she was; she could feel a growing curiosity about that quiet voice, which still asked after her, morning, noon, and night, on the other side of the door.

Another day's delay—and Mr. Merrick asked her if she was strong enough to see an old friend. A meek voice, behind him, articulating high in the air, said, "It's only me!" The voice was followed by the prodigious bodily apparition of Mrs. Wragge, with her cap all awry, and one of her shoes in the next room. "Oh, look at her! look at her!" cried Mrs. Wragge, in an ecstasy, dropping on her knees at Magdalen's bedside, with a thump that shook the house. "Bless her heart, she's well enough to laugh at me already. 'Cheer, boys, cheer—!' I beg your pardon, doctor, my conduct isn't lady-like, I know. It's my head, Sir; it isn't *me*. I must get vent somehow or my head will burst!" No coherent sentence, in answer to any sort of question put to her, could be extracted that morning from Mrs. Wragge. She rose from one climax of verbal confusion to another—and finished her visit, under the bed, groping inscrutably for the second shoe.

The morrow came, and Mr. Merrick promised that she should see another old friend on the next day. In the evening, when the inquiring voice asked after her, as usual, and when the door was opened a few inches to give the reply, she answered faintly for herself: "I am better, thank you," There was a moment of silence; and then, just as the door was shut again, the voice sank to a whisper, and said, fervently, "Thank God!" Who was he? She had asked them all, and no one would tell her. Who was he?

The next day came, and she heard her door opened softly. Brisk footsteps tripped into the room; a lithe little figure advanced to the bedside. Was it a dream again? No! There he was in his own evergreen reality, with the copious flow of language pouring smoothly from his lips; with the lambent dash of humor twinkling in his parti-colored eyes, there he was, more audacious, more persuasive, more respectable than ever; in a suit of glossy black, with a speckless white cravat, and a rampant shirt-frill—the unblushing, the invincible, the unchangeable Wragge!

"Not a word, my dear girl!" said the captain, seating himself comfortably at the bedside, in his old confidential way. "I am to do all the talking; and I think you will own that a more competent man for the purpose could not possibly have been found. I am really delighted—honestly delighted, if I may use such an apparently inappropriate word—to see you again, and to see you getting well. I have often thought of you; I have often missed you; I have often said to myself—never mind what! Clear the stage, and drop the curtain on the past. *Dum vivimus, vivamus!* Pardon the pedantry of a Latin quotation, my dear, and tell me how I look. Am I, or am I not, the picture of a prosperous man?"

Magdalen attempted to answer him. The captain's deluge of words flowed over her again in a moment.

"Don't exert yourself," he said. "I'll put all your questions for you. What have I been about? Why do I look so remarkably well off? And how in the world did I find my way to this house? My dear girl, I have been occupied, since we last saw each other, in slightly modifying my old professional habits. I have shifted from Moral Agriculture to Medical Agriculture. Formerly I preyed on the public sympathy; now I prey on the public stomach. Stomach and sympathy, sympathy and stomach—look them both fairly in the face when you reach the wrong side of fifty, and you will agree with me that they come to much the same thing. However that may be, here I am—incredible as it may appear—a man with an income, at last. The founders of my fortune are three in number. Their names are Aloes, Scammony, and Gamboge. In plainer words, I am now living—on a Pill. I made a little money (if you remember) by my friendly connection with you. I made a little more by the happy decease (*Requiescat in Pace!*) of that female relative of Mrs. Wragge's from whom, as I told you, my wife had expectations. Very good. What do you think I did? I invested the whole of my capital, at one fell swoop, in advertisements, and purchased my drugs and my pill-boxes on credit. The result is now before you. Here I am, a Grand Financial Fact. Here I am, with my clothes positively paid for; with a balance at my banker's; with my servant in livery, and my gig at the door; solvent, flourishing, popular—and all on a Pill."

Magdalen smiled. The captain's face assumed an expression of mock gravity: he looked as if there was a serious side to the question, and as if he meant to put it next.

"It's no laughing matter to the public, my dear," he said. "They can't get rid of me and my Pill—they must take us. There is not a single form of appeal in the whole range of human advertisement which I am not making to the unfortunate public at this moment. Hire the last new novel—there I am, inside the boards of the book. Send for the last new Song—the instant you open the leaves I drop out of it. Take a cab—I fly in at the window in red. Buy a box of tooth-powder at the chemist's—I wrap it up for you in blue. Show yourself at the theatre—I flutter down on you in yellow. The mere titles of my advertisements are quite irresistible. Let me quote a few from last week's issue. Proverbial Title: 'A Pill in Time saves Nine.' Familiar Title: 'Excuse me, how is your Stomach?' Patriotic Title: 'What are the three characteristics of a true-born Englishman? His Hearth, his Home, and his Pill.' Title in the form of a nursery dialogue: 'Mamma, I am not well.' 'What is the matter, my pet?' 'I want a little Pill.' Title in the form of a Historical Anecdote: 'New Discovery in the Mine of English History. When the Princes were smothered in the Tower, their faithful attendant collected all the little possessions left behind them. Among the touching trifles dear to the poor boys he found a tiny Box. It contained the Pill of the Period. Is it necessary to say how inferior that Pill was to its Modern Successor, which prince and peasant alike may now obtain—' Et cetera, et cetera. The place in which my Pill is made is an advertisement in itself. I have got one of the largest shops in London. Behind one counter (visible to the public through the lucid medium of plate-glass) are four-and-twenty young men, in white aprons, making the Pill. Behind another counter are four-and-twenty young men, in white cravats, making the boxes. At the bottom of the shop are three elderly accountants posting the vast financial transactions accruing from the Pill in three enormous ledgers. Over the door are my name, portrait, and autograph, expanded to colossal proportions, and surrounded, in flowing letters, by the motto of the establishment: 'Down with the Doctors!' Even Mrs. Wragge contributes her quota to this prodigious enterprise. She is the celebrated woman whom I have cured of indescribable agonies from every complaint under the sun. Her portrait is engraved on all the wrappers, with the following inscription beneath it: 'Before she took the Pill you might have blown this patient away with a feather. Look at her now!!!' Last, not least, my dear girl, the Pill is the cause of my finding my way to this house. My department in the prodigious Enterprise already mentioned is to scour the United Kingdom in a gig, establishing Agencies every where. While founding one of these Agencies I heard of a certain friend of mine, who had lately landed in England after a long sea voyage. I got his address in London—he was a lodger in this house. I called on him forthwith, and was stunned by the news of your illness. Such, in brief, is the history of my existing connection with British Medicine; and so it happens that you see me at the present moment, sitting in the present chair, now as ever, yours truly, Horatio Wragge."

In these terms the captain brought his personal statement to a close. He looked more and more attentively at Magdalen the nearer he got to the conclusion. Was there some latent importance attaching to his last words which did not appear on the face of them? There was. His visit to the sick-room had a serious object, and that object he had now approached.

In describing the circumstances under which he had become acquainted with Magdalen's present position Captain Wragge had skirted, with his customary dexterity, round the remote boundaries of truth. Emboldened by the absence of any public scandal in connection with Noel Vanstone's marriage, or with the event of his death as announced in the newspaper obituary, the captain, roaming the eastern circuit, had ventured back to Aldborough, a fortnight since, to establish an agency there for the sale of his wonderful Pill. No one had recognized him but the landlady of the hotel, who at once insisted on his entering the house and reading Kirke's letter to her husband. The same night Captain Wragge was in London, and was closeted with the sailor, in the second-floor room at Aaron's Buildings.

The serious nature of the situation, the indisputable certainty that Kirke must fail in tracing Magdalen's friends, unless he first knew who she really was, had decided the captain on disclosing part, at least, of the truth. Declining to enter into any particulars—for family reasons, which Magdalen might explain on her recovery, if she pleased—he astounded Kirke by telling him that the friendless woman whom he had rescued, and whom he had only known, up to that moment, as Miss Bygrave, was no other than the youngest daughter of Andrew Vanstone. The disclosure, on Kirke's side, of his father's connection with the young officer in Canada, had followed naturally on the revelation of Magdalen's real name. Captain Wragge had expressed his surprise, but had made no further remark at the time. A fortnight later, however, when the patient's recovery forced the serious difficulty on the doctor of meeting the questions which Magdalen was sure to ask, the captain's ingenuity had come, as usual, to the rescue.

"You can't tell her the truth," he said, "without awakening painful recollections of her stay at Aldborough, into which I am not at liberty to enter. Don't acknowledge, just yet, that Mr. Kirke only knew her as Miss Bygrave of North Shingles when he found her in this house. Tell her boldly that he knew who she was, and that he felt (what she must feel) that he had a hereditary right to help and protect her, as his father's son. I am, as I have already told you," continued the captain, sticking fast to his old assertion, "a distant relative of the Combe-Raven family; and if there is nobody else at hand to help you through this difficulty, my services are freely at your disposal."

No one else was at hand, and the emergency was a serious one. Strangers undertaking the responsibility might ignorantly jar on past recollections, which it would, perhaps, be the death of her to revive too soon. Near relatives might, by their premature appearance at the bedside, produce the same deplorable result. The alternative lay between irritating and alarming her by leaving her inquiries unanswered, or trusting Captain Wragge. In the doctor's opinion, the second risk was the least serious risk of the two; and the captain was now seated at Magdalen's bedside in discharge of the trust confided to him.

Would she ask the question which it had been the private object of all Captain Wragge's preliminary talk lightly and pleasantly to provoke? Yes: as soon as his silence gave her the opportunity she asked it: Who was that friend of his living in the house?

"You ought by rights to know him as well as I do," said the captain. "He is the son of one of your father's old military friends, when your father was quartered with his regiment in Canada. Your cheeks mustn't flush up. If they do, I shall go away."

She was astonished, but not agitated. Captain Wragge had begun by interesting her in the remote past, which she only knew by hearsay, before he ventured on the delicate ground of her own experience.

In a moment more she advanced to her next question: What was his name?

"Kirke," proceeded the captain. "Did you never hear of his father, Major Kirke, commanding officer of the regiment in Canada? Did you never hear that the major helped your father through a great difficulty, like the best of good fellows and good friends?"

Yes; she faintly fancied she had heard something about her father and an officer who had once been very good to him when he was a young man. But she could not look back so long. Was Mr. Kirke poor?

Even Captain Wragge's penetration was puzzled by that question. He gave the true answer at hazard. "No," he said, "not poor."

Her next inquiry showed what she had been thinking of. If Mr. Kirke was not poor, why did he come to live in that house?

"She has caught me!" thought the captain. "There is only one way out of it; I must administer another dose of truth. Mr. Kirke discovered you here by chance," he proceeded aloud, "very ill, and not nicely attended to. Somebody was wanted to take care of you while you were not able to take care of yourself. Why not Mr. Kirke? He was the son of your father's old friend, which is the next thing to being *your* old friend. Who had a better claim to send for the right doctor and get the right nurse when I was not here to cure you with my wonderful Pill? Gently! gently! you mustn't take hold of my superfine black coat sleeve in that unceremonious manner."

He put her hand back on the bed; but she was not to be checked in that way. She persisted in asking another question. How came Mr. Kirke to know her? She had never seen him; she had never heard of him in her life.

"Very likely," said the captain. "But your never having seen *him* is no reason why he should not have seen *you*."

"When did he see me?"

Captain Wragge corked up his doses of truth on the spot without a moment's hesitation.

"Some time ago, my dear. I can't exactly say when."

"Only once?"

Captain Wragge suddenly saw his way to the administration of another dose. "Yes," he said. "Only once."

She reflected a little. The next question involved the simultaneous expression of two ideas—and the next question cost her an effort.

"He only saw me once," she said; "and he only saw me some time ago. How came he to remember me when he found me here?"

"Aha!" said the captain. "Now you have hit the right nail on the head at last. You can't possibly be more surprised at his remembering you than I am. A word of advice, my dear. When you are well enough to get up and see Mr. Kirke, try how that sharp question of yours sounds in *his* ears—and insist on his answering it himself." Slipping out of the dilemma in that characteristically adroit manner, Captain Wragge got briskly on his legs again and took up his hat.

"Wait!" she pleaded. "I want to ask you—"

"Not another word," said the captain. "I have given you quite enough to think of for one day. My time is up, and my gig is waiting for me. I am off to scour the country as usual. I am off to cultivate the field of public indigestion with the triple plowshare of aloes, scammony, and gamboge." He stopped, and turned round at the door. "By-the-by, a message from my unfortunate wife. If you will allow her to come and see you again, Mrs. Wragge solemnly promises *not* to lose her shoe next time. *I* don't believe her. What do you say? May she come?"

"Yes; whenever she likes," said Magdalen. "If I ever get well again may poor Mrs. Wragge come and stay with me?"

"Certainly, my dear. If you have no objection I will provide her beforehand with a few thousand impressions in red, blue, and yellow of her own portrait ('You might have blown this patient away with a feather before she took the Pill. Look at her now!'). She is sure to drop herself about perpetually wherever she goes, and the most gratifying results, in an advertising point of view, must inevitably follow. Don't think me mercenary. I merely understand the age I live in." He stopped on his way out, for the second time, and turned round once more at the door. "You have been a remarkably good girl," he said, "and you deserve to be rewarded for it. I'll give you a last piece of information before I go. Have you heard any body inquiring after you, for the last day or two, outside your door? Ah, I see you have. A word in your ear, my dear. That's Mr. Kirke." He tripped away from the bedside as briskly as ever. Magdalen heard him advertising himself to the nurse before he closed the door. "If you are ever asked about it," he said, in a confidential whisper, "the name is Wragge; and the Pill is to be had in neat boxes, price thirteen-pence-halfpenny, government stamp included. Take a few copies of the portrait of a female patient whom you might have blown away with a feather before she took the Pill, and whom you are simply requested to contemplate now. Many thanks. *Good*-morning."

The door closed and Magdalen was alone again. She felt no sense of solitude, Captain Wragge had left her with something new to think of. Hour after hour her mind dwelt wonderingly on Mr. Kirke until the evening came and she heard his voice again through the half-opened door.

"I am very grateful," she said to him, before the nurse could answer his inquiries—"very, very grateful for all your kindness to me."

"Try to get well," he replied, kindly. "You will more than reward me if you try to get well."

The next morning Mr. Merrick found her impatient to leave her bed and be moved to the sofa in the front room. The doctor said he supposed she wanted a change. "Yes," she replied, "I want to see Mr. Kirke." The doctor consented to move her on the next day, but he positively forbade the additional excitement of seeing any body until the day after. She attempted a remonstrance—Mr. Merrick was impenetrable. She tried when he was gone to win the nurse by persuasion—the nurse was impenetrable too.

On the next day they wrapped her in shawls and carried her in to the sofa and made her a little bed on it. On the table near at hand were some flowers and a number of an illustrated newspaper. She immediately asked who had put them there. The nurse (failing to notice a warning look from the doctor) said Mr. Kirke had thought that she might like the flowers, and that the pictures in the paper might amuse her. After that reply her anxiety to see Mr. Kirke became too ungovernable to be trifled with. The doctor left the room at once to fetch him.

She looked eagerly at the opening door. Her first glance at him as he came in raised a doubt in her mind whether she now saw that tall figure and that open sun-burnt face for the first time. But she was too weak and too agitated to follow her recollections as far back as Aldborough. She resigned the attempt and only looked at him. He stopped at the foot of the sofa and said a few cheering words. She beckoned to him to come nearer, and offered him her wasted hand. He tenderly took it in his and sat down by her. They were both silent. His face told her of the sorrow and the sympathy which his silence would fain have concealed. She still held his hand—consciously now—as persistently as she had held it on the day when he found her. Her eyes closed after a vain effort to speak to him, and the tears rolled slowly over her wan white cheeks.

The doctor signed to Kirke to wait and give her time. She recovered a little and looked at him: "How kind you have been to me!" she murmured. "And how little I have deserved it!"

"Hush! hush!" he said. "You don't know what a happiness it was to me to help you."

The sound of his voice seemed to strengthen her, and to give her courage. She lay looking at him with an eager interest, with a gratitude which artlessly ignored all the conventional restraints that interpose between a woman and a man. "Where did you see me," she said, suddenly, "before you fonnd me here?"

Kirke hesitated. Mr. Merrick came to his assistance.

"I forbid you to say a word about the past to Mr. Kirke," interposed the doctor; "and I forbid Mr. Kirke to say a word about it to *you*. You are beginning a new life to-day; and the only recollections I sanction are recollections five minutes old."

She looked at the doctor and smiled. "I must ask him one question," she said, and turned back again to Kirke. "Is it true that you had only seen me once before you came to this house?"

"Quite true!" He made the reply with a sudden change of color, which she instantly detected. Her brightening eyes looked at him more earnestly than ever, as she put her next question:

"How came you to remember me, after only seeing me once?"

His hand unconsciously closed on hers, and pressed it for the first time. He attempted to answer, and hesitated at the first word. "I have a good memory," he said at last, and suddenly looked away from her, with a confusion so strangely unlike his customary self-possession of manner that the doctor and the nurse both noticed it.

Every nerve in her body felt that momentary pressure of his hand with the exquisite susceptibility which accompanies the first faltering advance on the way to health. She looked at his changing color, she listened to his hesitating words, with every sensitive perception of her sex and age quickened to seize intuitively on the truth. In the moment when he looked away from her she gently took her hand from him and turned her head aside on the pillow. "*Can* it be?" she thought, with a flutter of delicious fear at her heart, with a glow of delicious confusion burning on her cheeks. "*Can* it be?"

The doctor made another sign to Kirke. He understood it, and rose immediately. The momentary discomposure in his face and manner had both disappeared. He was satisfied in his own mind that he had successfully kept his secret, and in the relief of feeling that conviction he had become himself again.

"Good-by, till to-morrow," he said, as he left the room.

"Good-by," she answered, softly, without looking at him.

Mr. Merrick took the chair which Kirke had resigned and laid his hand on her pulse. "Just what I feared," remarked the doctor; "too quick by half."

She petulantly snatched away her wrist. "Don't!" she said, shrinking from him. "Pray don't touch me!"

Mr. Merrick good-humoredly gave up his place to the nurse. "I'll return in half an hour," he whispered, "and carry her back to bed. Don't let her talk. Show her the pictures in the newspaper, and keep her quiet in that way."

When the doctor returned the nurse reported that the newspaper had not been wanted. The patient's conduct had been exemplary. She had not been at all restless, and she had never spoken a word.

The days passed; and the time grew longer and longer which the doctor allowed her to spend in the front room. She was soon able to dispense with the bed on the sofa—she could be dressed, and could sit up, supported by pillows, in an arm-chair. Her hours of emancipation from the bedroom represented the great daily event of her life. They were the hours she passed in Kirke's society.

She had a double interest in him now—her interest in the man whose protecting care had saved her reason and her life; her interest in the man whose heart's dearest and deepest secret she had surprised. Little by little they grew as easy and familiar with each other as old friends; little by little she presumed on all her privileges, and wound her way unsuspected into the most intimate knowledge of his nature.

Her questions were endless. Every thing that he could tell her of himself and his life she drew from him, delicately and insensibly; he, the least self-conscious of mankind, became an egotist in her dextrous hands. She found out his pride in his ship, and practiced on it without remorse. She drew him into talking of the fine qualities of the vessel, of the great things the vessel had done in emergencies, as he had never in his life talked yet to any living creature on shore. She found him out in private sea-faring anxieties and unutterable sea-faring exultations, which he had kept a secret from his own mate. She watched his kindling face with a delicious sense of triumph in adding fuel to the fire; she trapped him into forgetting all considerations of time and place, and striking as hearty a stroke on the rickety little lodging-house table, in the fervor of his talk, as if his hand had descended on the solid bulwark of his ship. His confusion at the discovery of his own forgetfulness secretly delighted her: she could have cried with pleasure when he penitently wondered what he could possibly have been thinking of.

At other times she drew him from dwelling on the pleasures of his life, and led him into talking of its perils—the perils of that jealous mistress the sea, which had absorbed so much of his existence, which had kept him so strangely innocent and ignorant of the world on shore. Twice he had been shipwrecked. Times innumerable he and all with him had been threatened with death, and had escaped their doom by the narrowness of a hair's-breadth. He was always unwilling, at the outset, to speak of this dark and dreadful side of his life: it was only by adroitly tempting him, by laying little snares for him in his talk, that she lured him into telling her of the terrors of the great deep. She sat listening to him with a breathless interest, looking at him with a breathless wonder, as those fearful stories—made doubly vivid by the simple language in which he told them—fell, one by one, from his lips. His noble unconsciousness of his own heroism—the artless modesty with which he described his own acts of dauntless endurance and devoted courage, without an idea that they were any thing more than plain acts of duty to which he was bound by the vocation that he followed—raised him to a place in her estimation so hopelessly high above her that she became uneasy and impatient until she had pulled down the idol again which she herself had set up. It was on these occasions that she most rigidly exacted from him all those little familiar attentions so precious to women in their intercourse with men. "This hand"—she thought, with an exquisite delight in secretly following the idea while he was close to her—"this hand that has rescued the drowning from death is shifting my pillows so tenderly that I hardly know when they are moved. This hand that has seized men mad with mutiny, and driven them back to their duty by main force, is mixing my lemonade and peeling my fruit more delicately and more neatly than I could do it for myself. Oh, if I could be a man, how I should like to be such a man as this!"

She never allowed her thoughts, while she was in his presence, to lead her beyond that point. It was only when the night had separated them that she ventured to let her mind dwell on the self-sacrificing devotion which had so mercifully rescued her. Kirke little knew how she thought of him, in the secrecy of her own chamber, during the quiet hours that elapsed before she sank to sleep. No suspicion crossed his mind of the influence which he was exerting over her—of the new spirit which he was breathing into that new life, so sensitively open to impression in the first freshness of its recovered sense! "She has nobody else to amuse her, poor thing!" he used to think, sadly, sitting alone in his small second-floor room. "If a rough fellow like me can beguile the weary hours, till her friends come here, she is heartily welcome to all that I can tell her."

He was out of spirits and restless now whenever he was by himself. Little by little, he fell into a habit of taking long lonely walks at night, when Magdalen thought he was sleeping up stairs. Once he went away abruptly in the day-time—on business, as he said. Something had passed between Magdalen and himself the evening before, which had led her into telling him her age. "Twenty, last birthday," he thought. "Take twenty from forty-one! An easy sum in subtraction—as easy a sum as my little nephew could wish for." He walked to the Docks, and looked bitterly at the shipping. "I mustn't forget how a ship is made," he said. "It won't be long before I am back at the old work again." On leaving the Docks he paid a visit to a brother-sailor, a married man. In the course of conversation, he asked how much older his friend might be than his friend's wife. There was six years' difference between them. "I suppose that's difference enough?" said Kirke. "Yes," said his friend. "Quite enough. Are you looking out for a wife, at last? Try a seasoned woman of thirty-five; that's your mark, Kirke, as near as I can calculate."

The time passed smoothly and quickly—the present time, in which *she* was recovering so happily—the present time, which *he* was beginning to distrust already.

Early one morning Mr. Merrick surprised Kirke by a visit in his little room on the second floor.

"I came to the conclusion yesterday," said the doctor, entering abruptly on his business, "that our patient was strong enough to justify us, at last, in running all risks, and communicating with her friends; and I have accordingly followed the clew which that queer fellow, Captain Wragge, put into our hands. You remember he advised us to apply to Mr. Pendril, the lawyer? I saw Mr. Pendril two days ago, and was referred by him—not over-willingly, as I thought—to a lady, named Miss Garth. I heard enough from her to satisfy me that we have exercised a wise caution in acting as we have done. It is a very, very sad story—and I am bound to say, that I, for one, make great allowances for the poor girl down stairs. Her only relation in the world is her elder sister. I have suggested that the sister shall write to her in the first instance—and then, if the letter does her no harm, follow it personally in a day or two. I have not given the address, by way of preventing any visits from being paid here without my permission. All I have done is to undertake to forward the letter; and I shall probably find it at my house when I get back. Can you stop at home until I send my man with it? There is not the least hope of my being able to bring it myself. All you need do is to watch for an opportunity when she is not in the front room, and to put the letter where she can see it when she comes in. The handwriting on the address will break the news before she opens the letter. Say nothing to her about it—take care that the landlady is within call—and leave her to herself. I know I can trust *you* to follow my directions; and that is why I ask you to do us this service. You look out of spirits this morning. Natural enough. You're used to plenty of fresh air, captain, and you're beginning to pine in this close place."

"May I ask a question, doctor? Is *she* pining in this close place, too? When her sister comes, will her sister take her away?"

"Decidedly—if my advice is followed. She will be well enough to be moved in a week or less. Good-day.—You are certainly out of spirits, and your hand feels feverish. Pining for the blue water, captain—pining for the blue water!" With that expression of opinion the doctor cheerfully went out.

In an hour the letter arrived. Kirke took it from the landlady reluctantly, and almost roughly, without looking at it. Having ascertained that Magdalen was still engaged at her toilet, and having explained to the landlady the necessity of remaining within call, he went down stairs immediately and put the letter on the table in the front room.

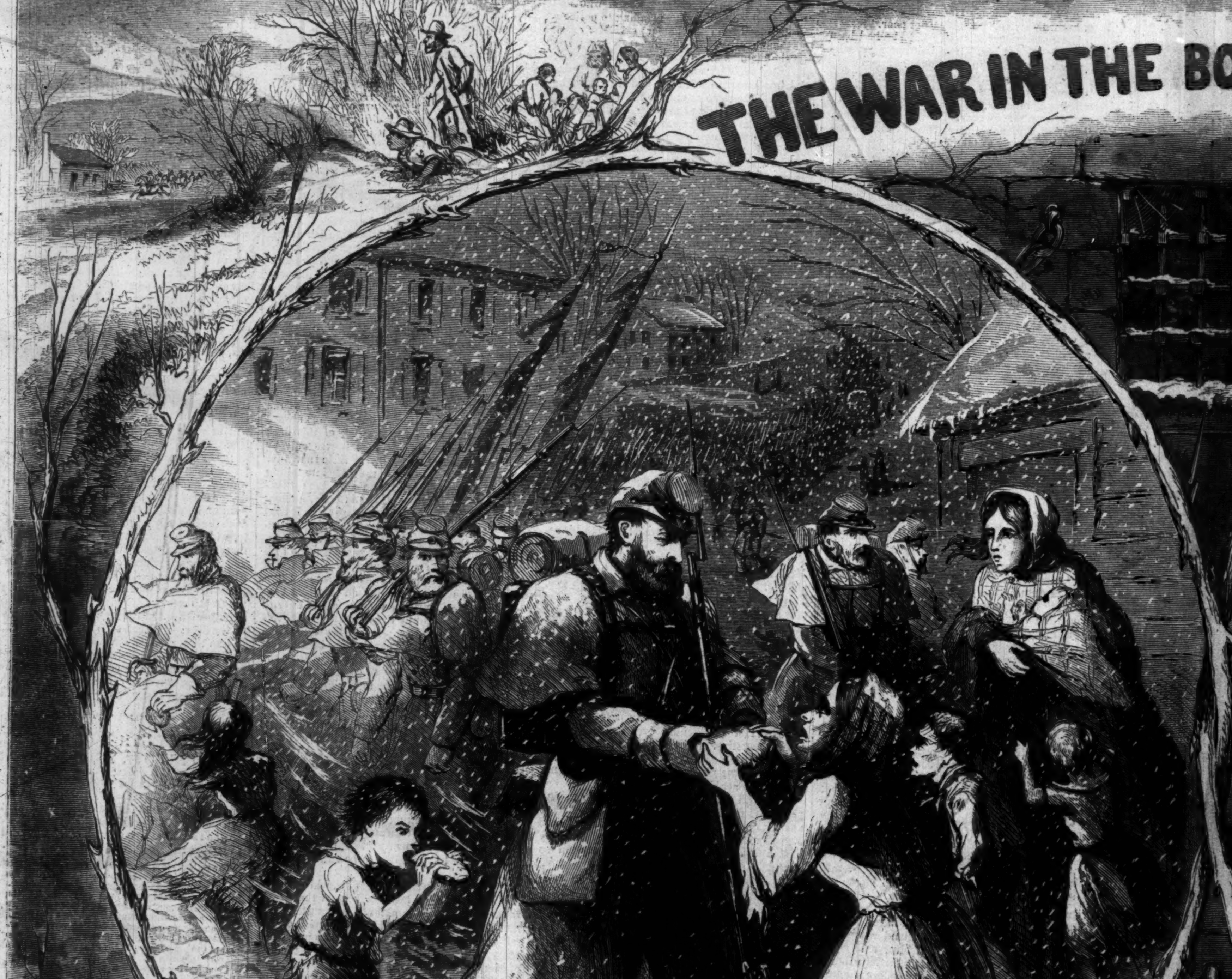
Magdalen heard the sound of the familiar step on the floor. "I shall soon be ready," she called to him through the door.

He made no reply—he took his hat and went out. After a momentary hesitation he turned his face eastward and called on the ship-owners who employed him, at their office in Cornhill.

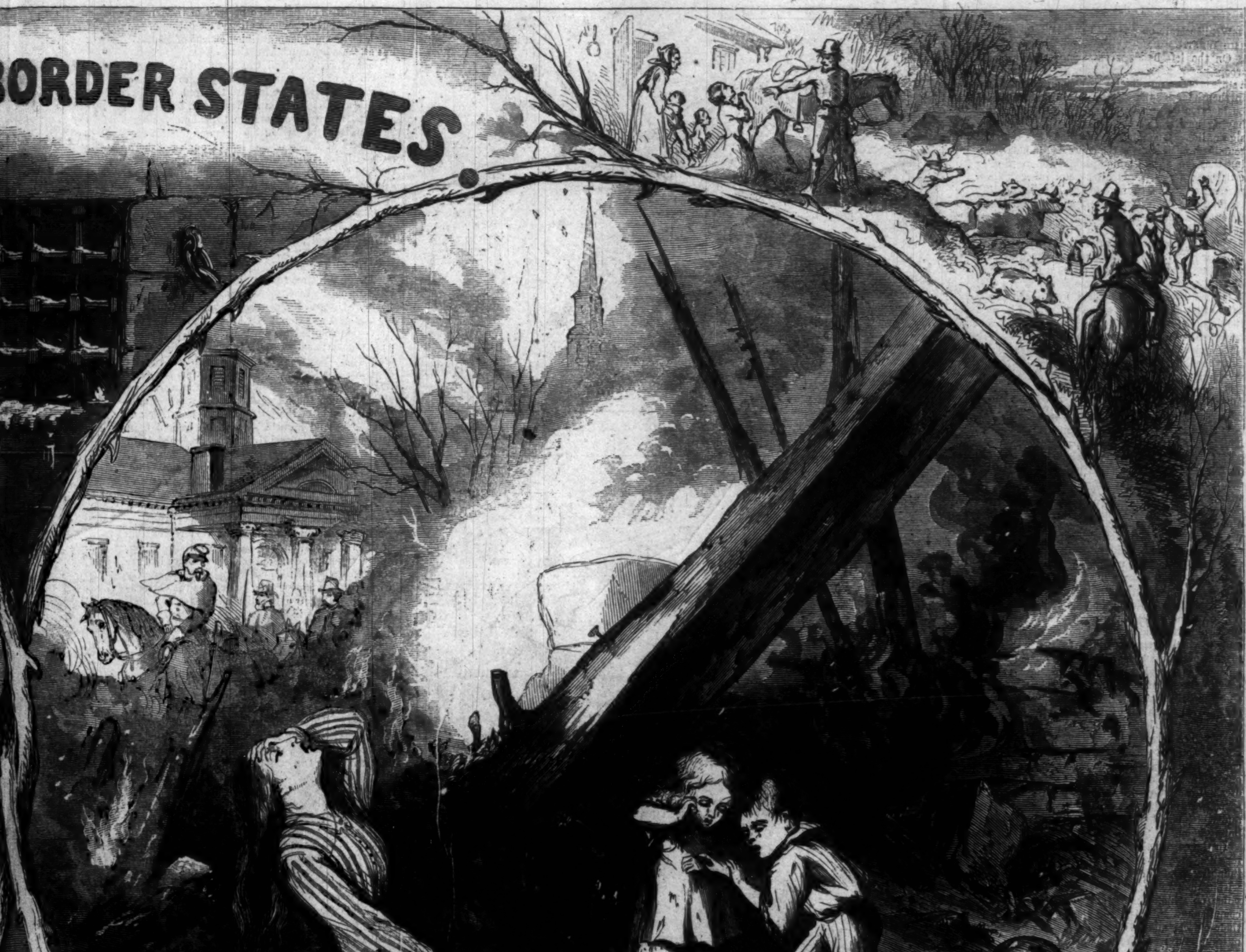
THE EXECUTION OF THE MINNESOTA INDIANS.

ON page 37 we give an illustration of THE EXECUTION OF THIRTY-EIGHT INDIAN MURDERERS, which took place at Mankato, Minnesota, on 26th ult. We are indebted to Mr. Herman, of St. Peter, for the sketch we have reproduced. The St. Paul *Press* says:

> The gallows stood upon the high street close in front of the levee. It is estimated that not less than four thousand people, exclusive of the military, were in attendance. The gallows was erected in the form of a diamond, twenty-four feet on each angle, sufficient to execute ten on each side. A square was formed around the gallows by the military, and the citizens occupied the sand bar on the river. The ceremony was brief, and the whole number of savages were sent at the same moment before the Great Spirit to answer for their inhuman barbarities.
>
> Upon leaving the stone building the condemned set up the death-dance and kept it up on the platform.
>
> While the soldiers were at work upon the gallows a stranger came up to one of them who was planking the platform, and asked the privilege of "driving one nail." He wanted to drive it in a place where it would be of service. The soldier handed him his hammer and a nail, and told him where to drive. The man drove the nail home into a plank of the platform, thanked the soldier, said he was satisfied, and left.
>
> William J. Duly, who had half his family massacred at Lake Shetek, was assigned by Colonel Miller the duty of cutting the rope. Another man offered five dollars for the privilege.
>
> At precisely 10 o'clock the condemned were marshaled in a procession, and headed by Captain Redfield, marched out into the street, and directly across through files of soldiers to the scaffold, which had been erected in front, and were delivered to the Officer of the Day, Captain Burt. They went eagerly and cheerfully, even crowding and jostling each other to be ahead, just like a lot of hungry boarders rushing to dinner in a hotel. The soldiers who were on guard in their quarters stacked arms and followed them, and they in turn were followed by the clergy, reporters, etc.
>
> As they commenced the ascent of the scaffold, the death-song was again started, and when they had all gone up, the noise they made was truly hideous. It seemed as if pandemonium had broken loose. It had a wonderful effect in keeping up their courage. One young fellow who had been given a cigar by one of the reporters, just before marching from their quarters, was smoking it on the stand, puffing away very coolly during the intervals of the hideous "Hi-yi-yi," "Hi-yi-yi," and even after the cap was drawn over his face, he managed to get it over his mouth and smoke. Another was smoking his pipe. The noose having been promptly adjusted over the necks of each, by Captain Libby, all was ready for the fatal signal.
>
> The scene at this juncture was one of awful interest. A painful and breathless suspense held the vast crowd which had assembled from all quarters to witness the execution.
>
> Three slow, measured, and distinct beats on the drum by Major Brown, who had been announced as signal officer, and the rope was cut by Mr. Duly, the scaffold fell, and thirty-seven lifeless bodies were left dangling between heaven and earth. One of the ropes was broken, and the body of Rattling Runner fell to the ground. The neck had probably been broken, as but little signs of life were observed, but he was immediately hung up again. While the signal-beat was being given numbers were seen to clasp the hands of their neighbors, which in several instances continued to be clasped till the bodies were cut down.
>
> As the platform fell there was one, not loud, but prolonged cheer from the soldiery and citizens who were spectators, and then all were quiet and earnest witnesses of the scene. For so many there was but little suffering: the necks of all, or nearly all, were evidently dislocated by the fall, and the after-struggle was slight. The scaffold fell at a quarter past ten o'clock, and in twenty minutes the bodies had all been examined by Sugeons Le Boutillier, Sheardown, Finch, Clark, and others, and life pronounced extinct.
>
> The bodies were then cut down, placed in four army wagons, and attended by Company K, as a burial party, and under the command of Lieutenant Colonel Marshall, were taken to the grave prepared for them, among the willows on the sand-bar, nearly in front of the town.


THE WAR IN THE BO

THE WAR IN THE WES


BORDER STATES
Th. Nast

WEST.—[See Page 42.]

THE WAR IN THE BORDER STATES.

WE illustrate on pages 40 and 41 THE WAR IN THE WEST.

On the left hand, we see some of our Union troops passing through a Border State town. Not a store is open; no vehicles are encountered by them in their march; there is no hurry and bustle of business; all seems to bear evidence of the rebels having hastily left and taken with them every sign of life. One might fancy that not a soul had remained, until some of the concealed inmates, seeing that our errand is not plunder, or murder, or cruelty, emerge from cellars and other hiding-places, and gather courage to beg, in heart-rending tones of despair, for something, be it ever so little, to appease their gnawing hunger. Our gallant soldiers, though not provided with more than sufficient for themselves, can not witness such suffering, nor listen to that plaintive appeal without responding to it. Each gives all he can spare, and blessings are invoked upon their kind hearts. Oh! it is pitiful to see the little children clutch at the hard crust and devour it as eagerly as if it were the daintiest morsel, and delicate women, hitherto accustomed to every luxury, now bereft of every thing but a few rags scarce enough to cover them. But the soldiers' power to alleviate their distress is very limited, and the best they can do goes a very little way. They march on with their memory full of what they have just seen, and the cries of misery ringing in their ears.

On the right hand are the ruins of one of the houses of a town that has been recently bombarded. Others are also visible which have escaped complete destruction, but still bear mournful evidence of what they have undergone. Scarcely a window is left in any of the dwellings; and the church-spire is pierced with many a hole. It looks almost like the ghost of a town—a mere spectre of what it once was. In the fore-ground we see a mother and her two children mourning over a body they have just found, which she recognizes as that of her husband. She came forth from the place of concealment where he so carefully put her and the little ones, while he thought he would go and try to save a few of the things most necessary to their comfort, and the first object which meets her gaze when she ventures out, after the noise of firing has ceased, is that lifeless form. There he lies among the smouldering ruins, for the first time deaf to the sound of his wife's loved voice. The children call upon his name in vain; no answer comes from those dead lips, and, frightened at the silence, they shrink timidly together, awe-struck, unable to comprehend why their father lies so quiet and motionless. They look to their mother for comfort, and a heart-broken wail of anguish is the only sound which greets their ears. Fragments of shell are lying all around them, and there is scarcely any thing left which they can recognize, and which could tell them that *this* was *once* their happy home.

In the corner above this a guerrilla raid is represented—the dread and horror of all the peaceful inhabitants of the country—who lay waste all within their reach, and bear away every thing of value on which they can lay their hands; who commit murder indiscriminately in order to obtain their object; and to whom an act of cruelty and outrage is a good joke. To cause the innocent to suffer, to perform deeds of unparalleled atrocity and wickedness, is their daily work.

On the opposite corner a party of rebel cavalry is seen approaching, and men, women, children, and negroes are all flying from their home to the friendly woods for protection. The men would willingly stay and defend their homes to the very last; but *cui bono?* Do we not hear daily of cases in which Union men have been seized, tied with ropes, and at the point of the bayonet obliged to join the rebel army?

In the lower corners the work of destruction still goes on. The left shows us a town being shelled. Once lively and prosperous, it will soon be nothing but a heap of smoking ashes. The handsome houses which once rose so proudly in air will soon be leveled to the ground. Hardly a trace of their former grandeur will be found in the blackened, unsightly ruins.

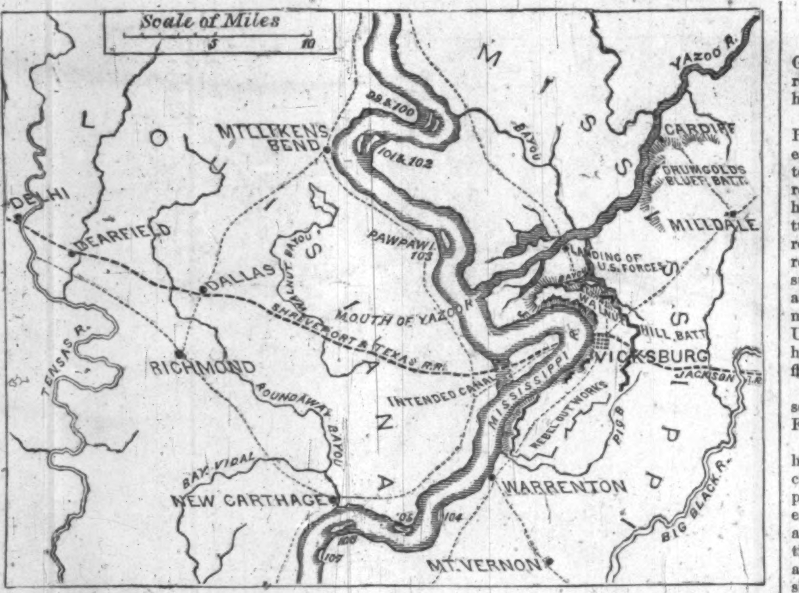
On the other side a bridge is burning; with each plank which falls helplessly into the water go the chances of communication from side to side. It is the same with railroads; one after another is destroyed, and in a country so vast as this, without such means of facilitating intercourse between one distant part and another, the work of progress and civilization ceases, education is neglected, and all advancement stops.

At the top is one of the windows of a prison. Two men are peering through the bars to pass the time away, they can just see the top of the sentry's bayonet as he slowly marches to and fro. The cause of their confinement they are told is treason, but their own consciences accuse them of nothing worse than having avowed their Union sentiments too boldly.

At the bottom is a planter's late residence; now there is no sign of life there save a few birds flitting about, an occasional bat, and some rats who may have their own way there undisturbed. Some human bones lying about would seem to tell of some tragedy having been enacted there, but no living voice remains to relate how it is that the place looks so desolate, and why the grass is allowed to grow in the path, and the garden untended and full of weeds.

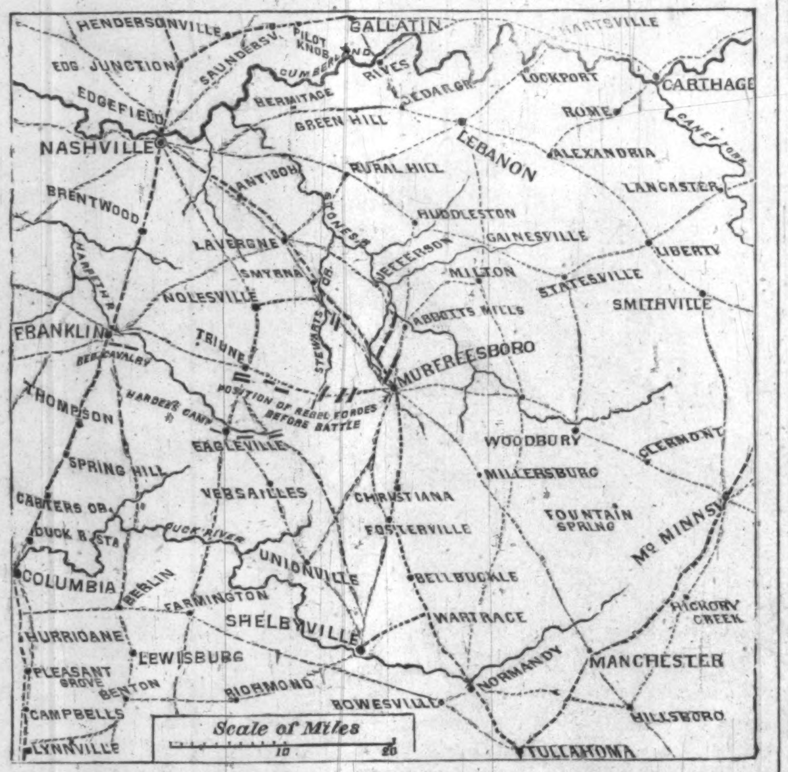
Here it is, in the Border States, that the real sufferers of the war are to be found. We, in our comfortable homes, can hardly form an idea of the acute distress which it entails upon the people of that section.

God grant that this terrible rebellion, with all its fearful consequences, may speedily be crushed; that our beloved country may once more be restored to peace and prosperity; that the awful work of destruction and of wasting lives may cease; and that the wail of newly-made widows and orphans may be heard no more among us!



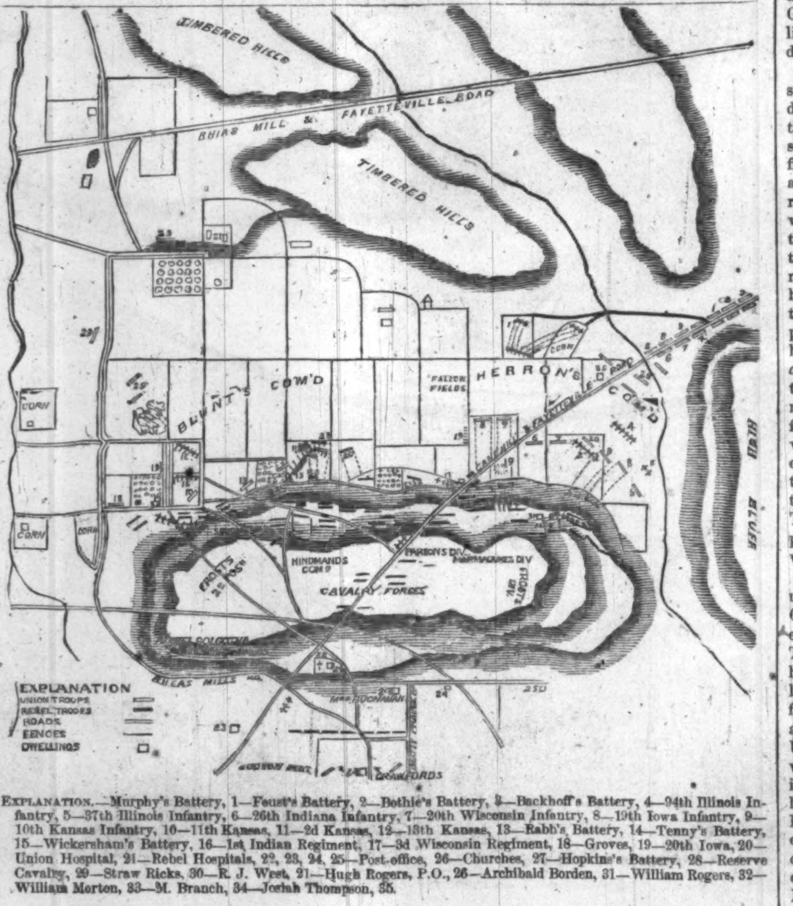
Scale of Miles
5
10
LOUISIANA
MISSISSIPPI
MILLIKENS BEND
DELHI
DEARFIELD
DALLAS
RICHMOND
NEW CARTHAGE
MOUTH OF YAZOO
PAWPAW
SHREVEPORT & TEXAS R.R.
INTENDED CANAL
MISSISSIPPI R.
VICKSBURG
JACKSON R.R.
WARRENTON
MT. VERNON
YAZOO R.
CARRIFF
DRUMGOLDS BLUFF BATT.
MILLDALE
LANDING OF U.S. FORCES
HILL BATT.
BIG BLACK R.
TENSAS R.
BAYOU VIDAL
ROUNDAWAY BAYOU

MAP OF VICKSBURG, MISS., SHOWING THE FIELD OF OPERATIONS OF GENERAL SHERMAN.



HENDERSONVILLE
GALLATIN
HARTSVILLE
EDG JUNCTION
EDGEFIELD
NASHVILLE
HERMITAGE
CUMBERLAND R.
RIVES
CEDAR
LOCKPORT
ROME
CARTHAGE
GREEN HILL
LEBANON
ALEXANDRIA
LANCASTER
BRENTWOOD
ANTISON
RURAL HILL
HUDDLESTON
LAVERGNE
GAINESVILLE
LIBERTY
SMYRNA
JEFFERSON
MILTON
STATESVILLE
NOLESVILLE
SMITHVILLE
ABBETTS MILLS
FRANKLIN
TRIUNE
MURFREESBORO
POSITION OF REBEL FORCES BEFORE BATTLE
HARDEES CAMP
THOMPSON
EAGLEVILLE
WOODBURY
CLERMONT
SPRING HILL
MILLERSBURG
VERSAILLES
CHRISTIANA
CARTERS CR.
FOSTERVILLE
FOUNTAIN SPRING
DUCK RIVER
UNIONVILLE
McMINNSVILLE
COLUMBIA
BERLIN
BELLBUCKLE
FARMINGTON
WARTRACE
HICKORY CREEK
HURRICANE
SHELBYVILLE
LEWISBURG
NORMANDY
MANCHESTER
PLEASANT GROVE
BENTON
RICHMOND
ROWESVILLE
CAMPBELLS
HILLSBORO
LYNNVILLE
TULLAHOMA
Scale of Miles
10
20

MAP OF THE BATTLE OF MURFREESBORO, TENNESSEE.



TIMBERED HILLS
RHEAS MILL & FAYETTEVILLE ROAD
TIMBERED HILLS
HERRON'S COM'D
BLUNT'S COM'D
FALLOW FIELDS
CORN
HINDMANS COM'D
PARSONS DIV.
CAVALRY FORCES
ILLINOIS CREEK
RHEAS MILLS
CRAWFORDS
EXPLANATION
UNION TROOPS
REBEL TROOPS
ROADS
FENCES
DWELLINGS

EXPLANATION.—Murphy's Battery, 1—Feust's Battery, 2—Bothie's Battery, 3—Backhoff's Battery, 4—94th Illinois Infantry, 5—37th Illinois Infantry, 6—26th Indiana Infantry, 7—20th Wisconsin Infantry, 8—19th Iowa Infantry, 9—10th Kansas Infantry, 10—11th Kansas, 11—2d Kansas, 12—13th Kansas, 13—Rabb's Battery, 14—Tenny's Battery, 15—Wickersham's Battery, 16—1st Indian Regiment, 17—3d Wisconsin Regiment, 18—Groves, 19—20th Iowa, 20—Union Hospital, 21—Rebel Hospitals, 22, 23, 24, 25—Post-office, 26—Churches, 27—Hopkins's Battery, 28—Reserve Cavalry, 29—Straw Ricks, 30—R. J. West, 21—Hugh Rogers, P.O., 26—Archibald Borden, 31—William Rogers, 32—William Morton, 33—M. Branch, 34—Josiah Thompson, 35.

[PLAN OF THE BATTLE OF PRAIRIE GROVE, ARKANSAS.—[SEE PAGE 46.]

GENERAL JOHN M'NEIL.

WE publish on page 45 a portrait of the famous GENERAL M'NEIL, whose alleged execution of ten rebels for the murder of a Union citizen of Missouri has attracted so much attention.

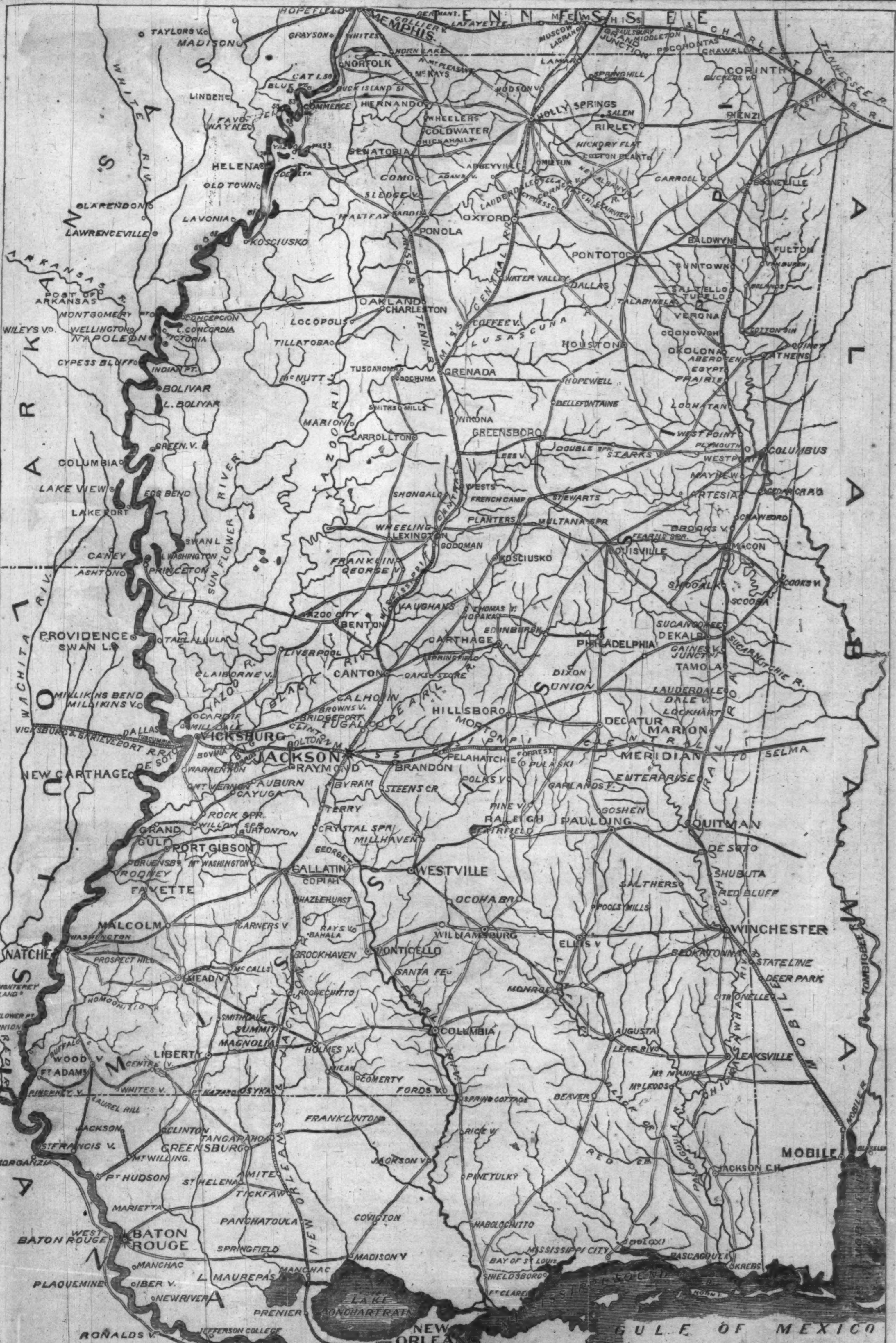
General John M'Neil was born in the British Provinces, of American parents. Emigrating at an early age to Boston, he learned the trade of a hatter, commenced business in New York, failed, and removed, twenty-five years ago, to St. Louis. There he established himself in business and made a fortune, part of which he has lost through Southern repudiation. When the rebellion broke out the rebels Price and Jackson counted upon M'Neil's support, as he was known to be a strong Democrat, and closely allied with Southern men. But the moment the gallant Lyon raised the flag of the Union at St. Louis, M'Neil was one of the first to hasten to its side, and from that hour he has never flinched.

On the 8th of May, 1861, he was sworn into the service of the Government, and fought Harris at Fulton, routing him.

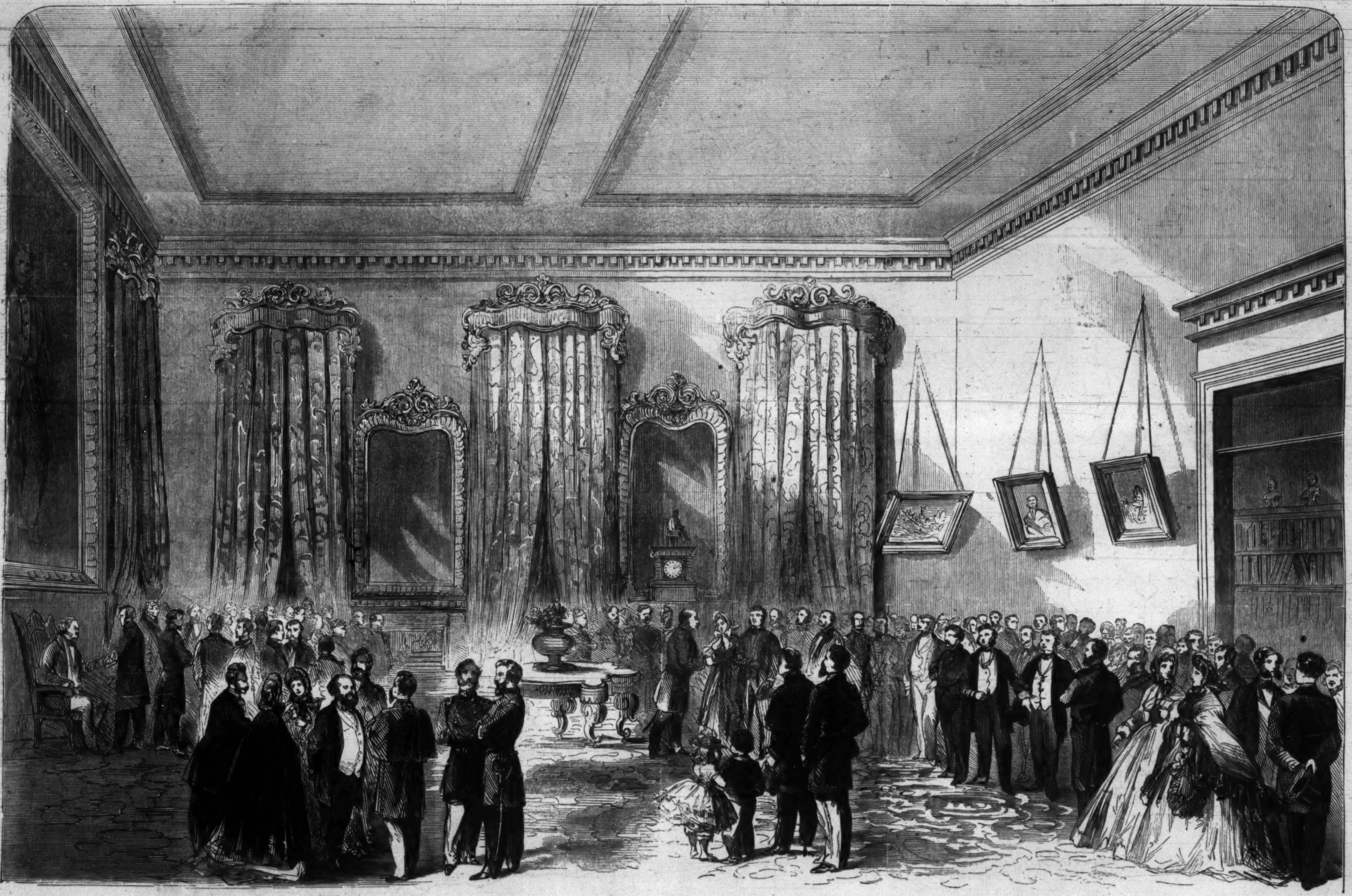
Major-General Frémont soon arrived, and one of his first acts was to put M'Neil in command of the city. He fulfilled his arduous duties with complete success; and when the Provost Marshal, General M'Kinstry, was sent to the field M'Neil was appointed his successor. Here again he gave entire evidence of his faithfulness and administrative abilities. On the 3d of August he was commissioned Colonel of the Nineteenth Missouri Volunteers—"Lyon Regiment"—to which he had been designated by General Lyon, and resigned it in December to accept a colonelcy in the State troops, with the command of a district on the Kansas line, where he spent the winter organizing forces and protecting the Union citizens. He returned to St. Louis in the spring of 1862, and took charge of a cavalry regiment, with command of the District of Northeast Missouri. This was a very responsible post, as the locality was infested with rebellion, and very many of the old soldiers of Price had returned, been paroled, and were home apparently with no other motive than to deceive the Government, violate their oaths, disseminate treason, and, by secret means, incite new allies, procure supplies and equipments, and furtively labor to overthrow the Government they had thus doubly betrayed. In July there was a general uprising of the rebels in the northeast under Porter, Poindexter, and Cobb. No Union man's life was safe, and murder, arson, and robbery were of daily occurrence. On the 14th of July M'Neil moved to overtake Porter, and every where punished those who he knew had rendered this daring leader active aid, arrested the violators of parole, many of whom were captured in arms, with the certificates of the Government upon their persons, and ferreted out treason with no cessation. He pursued the main body of Porter's forces till the 6th of August, and then at Kirksville, in Adair County, with only 1034 men against 3000 under Porter, fell upon him with daring impetuosity, and, after a severely-fought battle, utterly routed the rebels. He came out of this fight with several bullet-holes through his clothing and a severe gun-shot wound upon his head. As an evidence of the masterly manner in which he disposed his forces, it should be mentioned that he lost only *five* killed and *thirty-two* wounded, while that of the enemy, as stated in the official report, was *one hundred and fifty killed*, nearly *four hundred wounded*, and *forty-seven prisoners. Fifteen* of these prisoners, by their own admission, had been paroled from previous capture, on their solemn oath, *under penalty of death*, not again to take up arms against the Government. He carried out the orders of General Halleck regarding such doubly-damned treason, and ordered them shot. Governor Gamble instantly appreciated his brilliant and faithful services, and gave him a Brigadier-General's commission as a reward.

From thence M'Neil went into what has been styled "the Gibraltar of treason," Munroe County, driving all before him. He openly proclaimed that where a Union man *could not* live in peace, a secessionist *should not*. He sealed his avowal with fire and sword, and on the 14th September attacked and broke up the last camp of rebellion in that region. He made his head-quarters at Palmyra, where he held many prisoners; a score or more of these being the most desperately bad men among the violators of oaths and compacts. An old man named Andrew Allsman, a true and faithful adherent to the Stars and Stripes, had just been captured by Porter, and his friends made urgent appeal to General M'Neil to use his power to rescue him. The General selected *ten of the worst criminals* he had in arrest, and immediately notified Porter and his confederates who had abducted Allsman, that if the old man was not returned to his family by the noon of October 18, the ten men who had voluntarily forfeited their lives should be executed as a penalty. The notification was extensively circulated, but the days rolled by and the old man came not to greet his distracted family. The military edict was executed, and ten traitors paid the forfeit for the life of one good citizen, who was doubtless murdered.

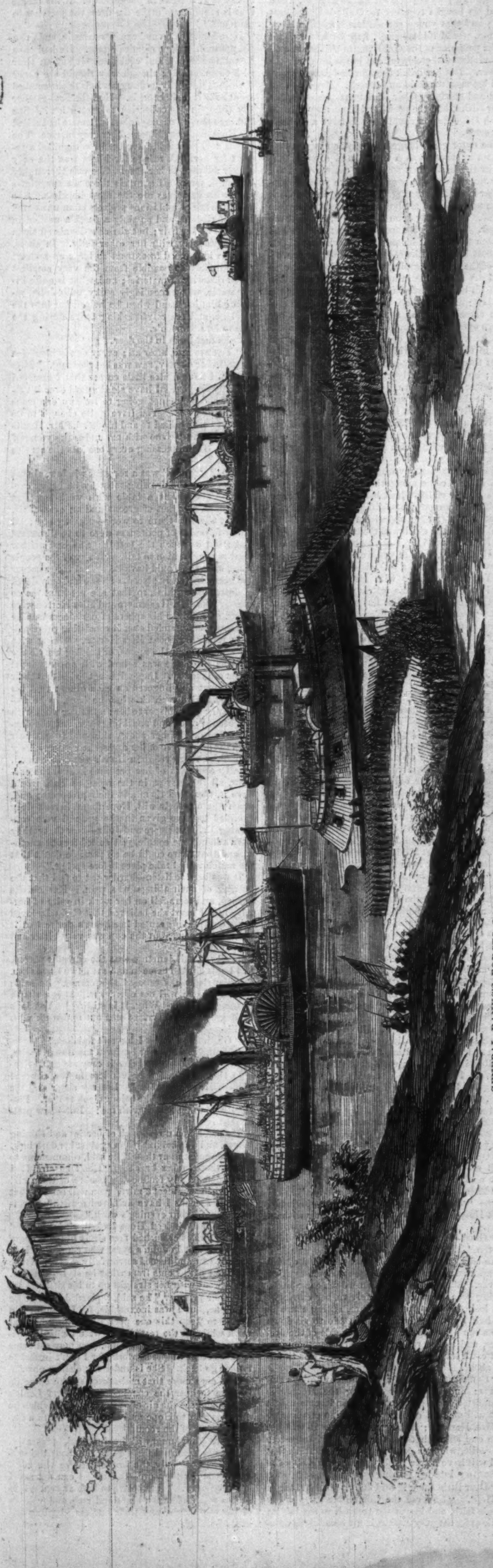
A friend of the General writes: "These measures were severe, but not from the character of General M'Neil: he will receive the applause of all earnest patriots for treating treason as it deserves. The fruit of his policy is pointedly exhibited where he has ruled. Before his advent murders and all lesser crimes were frequent, for no fault of the sufferers except that they were true to their country and to God. Now no more peaceful, stable, and Union-abiding people are to be found than those who live in Northeast Missouri. Jefferson Davis is thirsting for the blood of the brave General, and his coadjutors in the North are maligning General M'Neil, fabricating statements of his brutality, and even asserting the two-fold falsehood that the wife of Allsman petitioned that the rebels might not be executed, and that the old man has since returned. But he will bear such calumnies, and live to reap grateful tributes."


TENNESSEE
ARKANSAS
LOUISIANA
MISSISSIPPI
ALABAMA
GULF OF MEXICO
MEMPHIS
HOPEFIELD
GERMANTOWN
COLLIERVILLE
LAFAYETTE
MOSCOW
LAGRANGE
GRAND JUNCTION
SAULSBURY
MIDDLETON
POCOHONTAS
CHEWALLA
CORINTH
CHARLESTON R.R.
TENNESSEE R.
EASTPORT
TAYLORS V.
MADISON
GRAYSON
WHITES
NORFOLK
HORN LAKE
MT PLEASANT
McKAYS
HERNANDO
BUCK ISLAND
COMMERCE
LINDEN
WAYNE
HELENA
OLD TOWN
DELTA
WHEELERS
COLDWATER
CHICKAHALLA
SENATOBIA
HOLLY SPRINGS
SALEM
RIPLEY
HICKORY FLAT
COTTON PLANT
LAMAR
HUDSONV.
SPRING HILL
ABBEYVILLE
COMO
SLEDGE V.
PANOLA
HALIFAX
SARDIS
OXFORD
LAUDERDALE
ELLA
PONTOTOC
CARROLL
BOONEVILLE
RIENZI
BALDWYN
GUNTOWN
FULTON
SALTILLO
TUPELO
VERONA
CLARENDON
LAVONIA
LAWRENCEVILLE
KOSCIUSKO
ARKANSAS R.
POST OF ARKANSAS
MONTGOMERY
WILEYS V.
WELLINGTON
NAPOLEON
CONCEPCION
L. CONCORDIA
VICTORIA
CYPESS BLUFF
INDIAN PT.
BOLIVAR
L. BOLIVAR
OAKLAND
CHARLESTON
LOCOPOLIS
TILLATOBA
COFFEE V.
WATER VALLEY
DALLAS
TALABINELA
HOUSTON
LUSASCUNA
OKOLONA
COONOWAH
ABERDEEN
EGYPT
PRAIRIE
ATHENS
COTTON GIN
McNUTT
TUSCAHOMA
GRENADA
HOPEWELL
BELLEFONTAINE
MARION
CARROLLTON
NIRONA
GREENSBORO
LOOHATAN
WEST POINT
PLYMOUTH
STARKS V.
WESTPORT
COLUMBUS
MAYHEW
ARTESIA
DOUBLE SPR.
LEES V.
GREEN. V.
COLUMBIA
LAKE VIEW
EGG BEND
LAKE PORT
SHONGALO
WESTS
FRENCH CAMP
STEWARTS
PLANTERS
MULTANA SPR
BROOKS V.
CRAWFORD
SUNFLOWER RIVER
YAZOO RIV.
SWAN L.
L. WASHINGTON
CANEY
ASHTON
PRINCETON
WHEELING
LEXINGTON
GOODMAN
FRANKLIN
GEORGE V.
KOSCIUSKO
LOUISVILLE
MACON
SHOOALK
COOKS V.
SCOOBA
WACHITA RIV.
YAZOO CITY
BENTON
VAUGHANS
THOMAS V.
HOPAKA
CARTHAGE
EDINBURGH
PHILADELPHIA
SUCANOOCHEE
DEKALB
GAINES V.
TAMOLA
PROVIDENCE
SWAN L.
TALLALULA
LIVERPOOL
CLAIBORNE V.
CANTON
OAKS STORE
DIXON
UNION
MILLIKINS BEND
MILLIKINS V.
CALHOUN
BROWNS V.
BRIDGEPORT
TUGALO
PEARL R.
HILLSBORO
MORTON
DECATUR
LAUDERDALE
DALE V.
LOCKHART
MARION
VICKSBURG & SHREVEPORT R.R.
DALLAS
VICKSBURG
BOLTON
CLINTON
JACKSON
PELAHATCHIE
FORREST
MERIDIAN
TO SELMA
BRANDON
PULASKI
ENTERPRISE
NEW CARTHAGE
DE SOTO
BOVINA
WARRENTON
RAYMOND
BYRAM
STEENS CR.
POLAS V.
GARLANDS V.
MT. VERNON
CAYUGA
AUBURN
TERRY
PINE V.
RALEIGH
GOSHEN
PAULDING
ROCK SPR.
WILLOW SPR.
BURTONTON
CRYSTAL SPR.
MILLHAVEN
FAIRFIELD
QUITMAN
GRAND GULF
PORT GIBSON
BRUENSBG
MT WASHINGTON
GEORGETOWN
GALLATIN
COPIAH
WESTVILLE
DE SOTO
SHUBUTA
RED BLUFF
RODNEY
FAYETTE
HAZLEHURST
OCOHAY BR.
SALTHERS
POOLS MILLS
MALCOLM
WASHINGTON
CARNERS V.
RAYS V.
BAHALA
WILLIAMSBURG
WINCHESTER
NATCHEZ
PROSPECT HILL
MEAD V.
McCALLS
BROOKHAVEN
MONTICELLO
SANTA FE
ELLIS V.
BUCKATONNA
STATE LINE
DEER PARK
MONTEREY LAND
HOMOCHITTO
BOGUECHITTO
MONROE
CITRONELLE
FLOWER PT.
UNION
SMITHDALE
SUMMIT
COLUMBIA
AUGUSTA
WOODVILLE
BUFFALO
LIBERTY
MAGNOLIA
HOLMES V.
LEAF RIV.
LEAKSVILLE
ST ADAMS
CENTRE V.
MILAN
COMERTY
MT MANNS
McLEODS
TOMBIGBEE R.
PINCKNEY V.
WHITES V.
KAHNOLA
OSYKA
FORDS V.
SPRING COTTAGE
BEAVER
MOBILE R.
LAUREL HILL
JACKSON
CLINTON
TANGAPAHOA
FRANKLINTON
RICE V.
RED CR.
ST FRANCIS V.
MT WILLING
GREENSBURG
MORGANZA
AMITE
JACKSON V.
PASCAGOULA R.
JACKSON C.H.
MOBILE
PT HUDSON
ST HELENA
TICKFAW
PINE TULKY
MARIETTA
PANCHATOULA
COVINGTON
HABOLOCHITTO
WEST BATON ROUGE
BATON ROUGE
SPRINGFIELD
MISSISSIPPI CITY
BILOXI
PASCAGOULA
KREBS
MADISON V.
BAY OF ST LOUIS
SHIELDSBORO
ST CLAIRE
MANCHAC
L. MAUREPAS
PLAQUEMINE
IBER V.
NEW RIVER
PREMIER
LAKE PONCHARTRAIN
MISSISSIPPI SOUND
RONALDS V.
JEFFERSON COLLEGE
NEW ORLEANS
MISS. & TENN. R.R.
MISS. CENTRAL R.R.
NEW ORLEANS JACKSON
MOBILE & OHIO R.R.

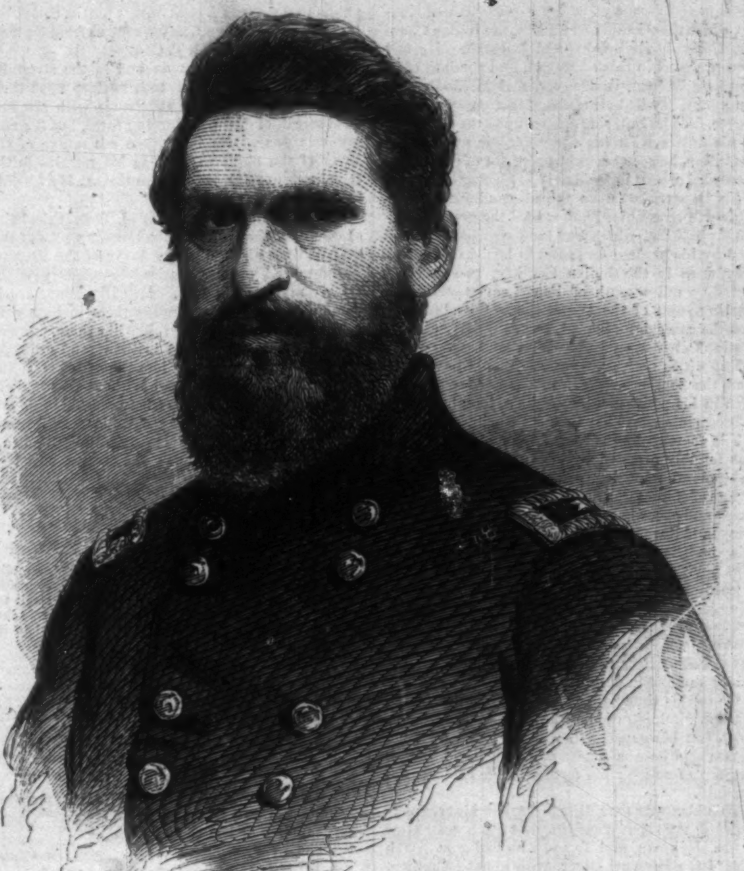
MAP OF MISSISSIPPI, SHOWING THE FIELD OF OPERATIONS OF GENERALS SHERMAN, GRANT, AND BANKS.



RECEPTION OF THE AUTHORITIES OF NEW ORLEANS BY GENERAL BUTLER PREVIOUS TO HIS DEPARTURE.—DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST.—[SEE NEXT PAGE.]



GENERAL BANKS'S FORCES LANDING AT BATON ROUGE, LOUISIANA.—[From a Sketch by our Special Artist.]



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES G. BLUNT, OF KANSAS.

GENERAL BANKS AT NEW ORLEANS.

Our special artist at New Orleans has sent us two sketches, which we reproduce on this and the preceding page. The large picture represents The Grand Reception of General Butler at the New Orleans City Hall on the evening preceding his departure for the North, It was a magnificent success: all the loyal citizens were present, together with a crowd of elegantly-dressed ladies, officers of the army and navy, etc. The smaller picture represents the Landing of General Banks's Troops at Baton Rouge, which event we mentioned in our last.

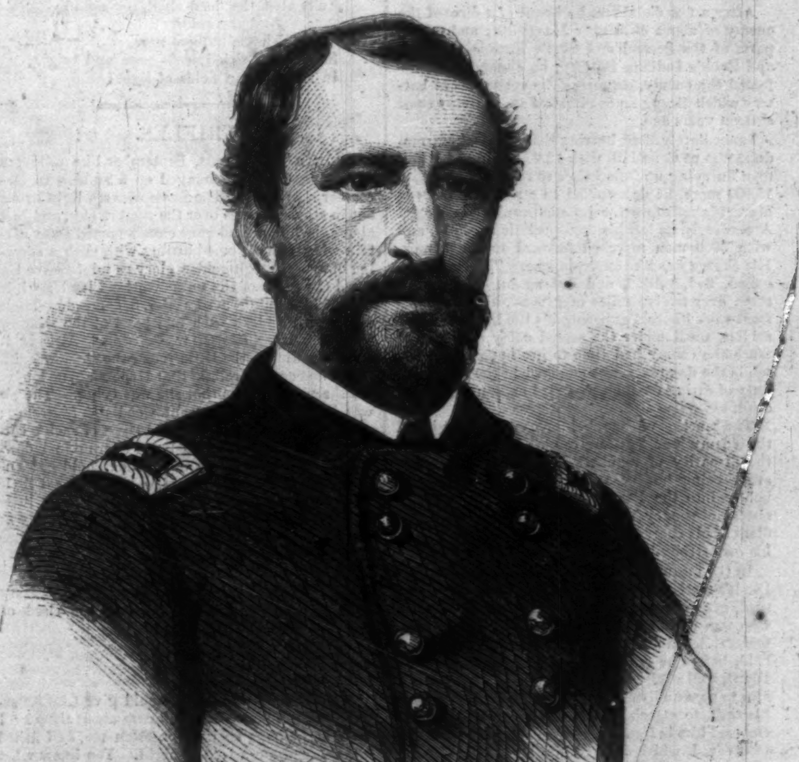
BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES G. BLUNT, OF KANSAS.

The recent brilliant victories of this officer in the far West are filling for him a large measure of public attention and estimation at this time, and we give his portrait above.

He was born in the State of Maine, and followed the sea for many years, holding the rank of Captain in the merchant service. Having a liberal education, and being well-grounded in the elementary studies of the medical profession, he abandoned his "life on the billows," emigrated to Ohio, settled at the capital, where he pursued the quiet avocations of his professional life until the furor of Kansas emigration carried him, among the first, to that historic field of Free-State achievement and suffering.

At the outbreak of this war he shouldered his musket and enlisted as a private, but was made Lieutenant-Colonel of the Third Regiment Kansas Volunteers, at its first organization. During this period of his military life he participated in the battle of Dry Wood, under command of General Lane; and commanded a force which penetrated far into the Indian country, engaged the force of the celebrated marauder Matthews, killed the leader and dispersed the band, which had for months been the terror of Southern Kansas.

In April, 1862, he was appointed and confirmed as Brigadier-General, and almost immediately or-



BRIGADIER GENERAL, JOHN M'NEIL, OF MISSOURI.—[See Page 42 dered to the command of the Department of Kansas, which then comprised Kansas, the Indian Country, Colorado, Nebraska, and Dacotah. He had been preceded in this command, and portions of it, by Generals Sturgis, Denver, and Major-General Hunter. They had all of them, to a greater or less degree, failed. Entering at once upon the discharge of his duties with his characteristic energy and resolution, he soon brought order out of chaos, and succeeded almost immediately in placing the troops of his Department upon the most admirable footing. He reorganized and *started* the great Southern Expedition, which had been atrociously strangled by his predecessors; and in less than a month they were in the Indian Country, two hundred and fifty miles south of Fort Leavenworth, the starting-point of the Expedition. So admirably was the campaign planned, and so quietly did execution follow upon conception, that, but for an incident which no human sagacity could have foreseen, the Southern forts in that region would have been in his possession last August, long before reinforcements could have reached them.

The commanding officer of the force in the field was forcibly arrested by his subordinate officers, and general confusion, preferring of charges, and arrests of officers was the result. The enemy, in immense and overwhelming force, was before this little army, and it was disorganized and demoralized. In this condition it fell back to Fort Scott. General Blunt, with his customary promptness, proceeded there himself, accompanied by his staff, heard every thing, listened to every thing, said nothing. After hearing all that was to be said on all sides, he dissolved the court-martial previously ordered, relieved each officer from arrest, and assumed the chief command in person.

Up to this time he had won the approval of all as to his administration of the affairs of the Department, but his capacity in the field was doubted. It was said he was a man of conduct and affairs, but not of action; his forte was the cabinet, not the field.

This idea was soon dispelled when his trumpets sounded "*To horse!*" His first push was after Coffee, Jackman, and Tracy, who had gone North toward the Missouri River, with about 5000 men, to co-operate with Quantrall against Lexington and Kansas City. Blunt had about 2000 men, and after a forced march of two nights and a day he came in sight of them, when they broke and fled without waiting his impetuous charge. They wheeled toward Arkansas, and he followed them almost to the line, when his jaded horses compelled him to forego further pursuit. His promptitude and efficiency thus saved Lexington and Kansas City from sack and conflagration.

After resting his exhausted stock he started his first brigade—General Salomon, of Wisconsin, commanding—forward to Sarcoxie, to co-operate with General Brown against a large rebel force fortified at Newtonia. General Salomon's advance attacked the place, but was driven back with considerable loss. General Blunt, hearing of this, pushed forward in person, examined the ground, made his dispositions, attacked the enemy with characteristic impetuosity, and in thirty minutes had his broken columns scampering across the prairie, with our flying squadrons in eager and fearful pursuit. The flying enemy was chased to Elk-Horn Tavern, Arkansas.

From this point Generals Schofield, Totten, and Brown, who had accompanied General Blunt from Newtonia, returned to Springfield, Missouri, while General Blunt remained to try to draw the enemy from his cover of the fastnesses of the Boston Mountains.

After a few days' rest he heard of a force of the enemy of about 4000 near Maysville; and taking parts of the Second and Sixth Kansas Cavalry, and Robb's Indiana Battery, he engaged and defeated the enemy, capturing the veritable old battery which Bragg made classical at Monterey some sixteen years ago.

Immediately after, hearing that General Marmaduke was at Cane Hill with 12,000 men, and Hindman hurrying up from below to reinforce him with 15,000 more, he determined to strike and destroy Marmaduke before the junction could be effected. Accordingly he left his transportation behind, and with 5000 men marched forward to the attack. His charge was like an avalanche. The enemy recoiled, fled, rallied, and fled again. He fought them over twelve miles of ground, always in the front rank himself, exposing his life like a common soldier, until under the sacred delay of a flag of truce the enemy had time to get beyond pursuit, while the flag-party was engaged in the ostensible duty of caring for their wounded and burying their dead.

The junction of the rebel forces was effected, and the enemy was 28,000 strong. Notwithstanding the disparity of numbers, General Blunt's little army being but scant six thousand, he pushed boldly into the Boston Mountains, with the persistent obstinacy which forms so large an ingredient of his character, offering the enemy battle in his own strong-hold.

In the mean time Hindman determined to adopt Blunt's tactics, pass him in the night by a parallel road, get to his rear, and attack General Herron, who was marching to his assistance, by order of General Schofield, with reinforcements from Springfield, before he reached his destination. General Blunt, well advised of the enemy's designs, allowed him to pass undisturbed, and then deliberately took his trail, to attack him in the rear while Herron engaged him in front. Some unexpected obstacles intervened, which delayed him longer than he anticipated; but still the gallant Herron maintained his position until the charging squadrons of the First Division made the very earth to tremble beneath their shock and thunder. Then commenced one of the most sanguinary conflicts of the war. The enemy was desperate, and Blunt resolute and elastic as steel. From ten o'clock till dark the battle raged with unabated fury, the enemy growing weaker, and our own gallant troops more intent and earnest with each succeeding hour. We publish on page 42 a plan of this battle, called the BATTLE OF PRAIRIE GROVE, sent us from General Blunt's army by Mr. J. T. Cox.

Darkness at last put an end to the struggle. General Blunt ordered his men to sleep upon their arms, in order to renew the battle with the first faint streak of dawn. Morning came, but the enemy was gone. He had taken advantage of the cover of the night to steal to his retreats in the Boston Mountains, leaving *two thousand of his dead and wounded on the field.*

It will be readily conceived, from this brief sketch, that the annals of the last six weeks of this gallant little division of the Army of the Frontier sound more like the vagaries of romance than the stately march of history. Men like Blunt are in demand. Our country needs them in high positions. In recognition of services like these, marches so rapid and victories so brilliant and crowded, Government should give him the added star, and make him a Major-General without delay. The little State of Kansas has between thirteen and fourteen thousand troops actually in the field, and but two brigadiers. She is certainly entitled to a Major-General, and Blunt is the COMING MAN!

THE GRAVE BENEATH THE WILLOW.

(Far away, upon the banks of the Mississippi, a soldier pitched his tent by night, died at the dawn of morning, and is buried beneath the weeping willow, to await the morning reveille of the eternal day. These verses, taken from our port-folio of months past, are dedicated to his memory.—M.)

HARD by the river's winding way,
Beneath an aged weeping willow,
Pendent o'er the foaming billow,
Where the breath of blossoms blended,
And the songs of birds ascended;
Just as rising day was dawning,
And the east winds fanned the morning,
Death came rapping,
Softly tapping,
Tapping at the soldier's door—
The weary soldier's door.

Said he, "I've wandered sad and lonely,
Through the night-winds dark and dreary;
Am like yourself—a soldier weary
Of my marching—let us shelter
In this silent vale together:
Let me place my icy fingers
Where thy life-spark warmest lingers."
And then a death-dart
Touched a brave heart,
Silent now to move no more—
Never any more!

Now the willow, and the lilies,
And the eglantine are weeping,
Weeping o'er the soldier sleeping,
Sleeping where no cannon's rattle,
Nor the angry storm of battle,
Can awake him any more!
Nor doth again tap at the door.
The resting stranger,
Freed from danger,
Soundly sleeps beneath the willow—
The hoary, weeping willow!

Around the grave beneath the willow
The ivy and the roses bloom;
The flowery vale is not all gloom;
For weary on their little wing,
The birds light on the boughs to sing;
And every soft and warbling strain
Tells that the dead shall rise again;
And the soldier's brow,
That slumbers now,
Shall wear rich laurels pure and bright,
In the Elysian fields of light!

TRIFLES.

FROM a treacherous, September-like mildness the dying day had changed on a sudden to December sharpness. The fierce western light broke out in scarlet flushes over the sombre sky, and just above the hills thunderous clouds parted away curtain-wise from a dome burning with such a showing of rose through golden glory as might have befitted the gates of the unknown land itself; while the wind coming across the flat meadow-lands drove with a bleak rush and howl at the window by which Hope Easton was sitting. Already it was very dim in the little room, the shadow gaining so fast on the firelight that Hope could no longer see the pine wreaths that she was tying. The air was haunted by a pleasant woodland fragrance; and not Aladdin's palace could boast of such a cornice as the branches massed over door and window. Coziness was the name of the household god enshrined in the cheerful fire-place by which sat little Nellie looking into the bright flame, her fat little hands folded in her lap, and her fresh round face as grave as some little owl reflecting for the first time on the uncertain ways of mice.

Presently,

"Hope," said this reverend personage, "Mary Horton told me to-day that she was tired of Christmas-trees."

"Well?"

"Now I want one so much."

"Well!"

"Isn't it odd that God should give Christmas-trees to little girls that don't care about them? I thought perhaps he had forgotten me, so I asked him to send me a tree to-night. You know what he says about believing when you pray, and I know he could make one grow here easily enough. Suppose I should wake up to-morrow and find one over in that corner. I don't believe I shall sleep a wink to-night thinking about it." As she spoke going over to kiss her sister good-night.

Hope held up her face to be kissed with a smile, belied, however, by the troubled look in her clear, pleasant eyes, that lingered, and deepened, and darkened as if it had been the shadow itself closing about her as she still sat by the window. She could tie boughs together for Nellie's Christmas-tree; and that young person, less *blasé* than Mary Horton, would think herself happy and fortunate as the possessor of the doll lying in all the state of long-clothes and crocheted cap in the lower bureau drawer. But her quick thought had drawn a parallel between the child and herself. Mary Horton, tired and careless of her Christmas pleasures, her sister—what had the proud and handsome Julia in which Hope Easton could possibly have a common interest?

The outer gate clanged sharply, steps came up the walk; there was a bustle and some laughing in the hall; then somebody came toward the door humming *La ci carem.* There was no particular need for starting or blushing in the dark when no one could see how marvelously pretty she looked. It was only John Hazlemere, her mother's lodger. They were expecting him; for he had written to say that he should be back that night. (A most business-like epistle, by-the-by, not worthy of the tender keeping to which Hope had confided it.) He came in hesitating in the uncertain light till he had made out the slender figure by the window; and then—oh, the hypocrisy of girls!—such astonishment as she uplifted to him in her brown eyes! John could hardly persuade himself that he wore slippers of silence, or that the wind was in the habit of whistling scraps of *Don Giovanni* through the key-holes in Mrs. Easton's cottage; but how entirely she must have forgotten the letter (lying at that very moment over her heart) to be so utterly surprised by his appearance! She hardly glanced at him, her hand lay entirely passive in his. She looked interrupted—half displeased—indifferent or unconscious of the very evident pleasure with which he had met her, thought John, clouding fast.

Meanwhile somebody who had been talking with Mrs. Easton came along the narrow hall with a quick clatter of little boot heels and a rustle and swish of silken garments, diffusing a faint odor of violets as she (for the apparition was clearly feminine) entered the shadowed room.

"How dark it is! I can't find my way at all! Mr. Hazlemere, I think you were really barbarous to leave me so!" said a soft, lisping voice.

"You were talking with Mrs. Easton. How could I tell if it were discreet to remain?"

"Oh, you have— Miss Easton!" with a slight start; "you here! I didn't see you at first. I expect you to thank me for bringing Mr. Hazlemere home to you; though, as I was coming here when I found him on the road, it was not specially benevolent after all. How do you feel this evening, Miss Easton? Do you think you are very good-natured?"

"Not particularly," answered Hope, freezingly.

"That is unfortunate, for I came to ask a favor. Miss Golden has been unkind enough to fall ill at the last moment, when we depended on her for the dressing of the font, and we are in such a dilemma! I assure you we are quite desperate enough to seize and imprison you, and make your liberty dependent on your obliging us. You do those things so beautifully; and none of us have a gift that way, even if we were not so busy!"

She was standing as she talked close by the hearth, full in its light, looking even prettier than usual, with her splendid golden hair put away under her little velvet hood, and her cheeks in a glow. She was swinging her muff by its tassels, making the diamonds on her white fingers leap into sudden splendor with every move, and her cloak falling away showed the dainty collar and knot of ribbon, and the sparkling clasp at her slender waist; trifles in themselves, yet not unimportant parts of the effect that she produced—an effect of something dazzling, faultless, altogether of another and higher sphere, being most condescendingly at home in a shabby, wretched little room.

Hope felt it keenly; resented through all her nature the soft, lisping insolence, ten times harder to bear than open imperiousness; the familiarity, so offensive in contrast with Miss Morton's usual half-recognition; worst of all, the easy way in which she assumed entire possession of Mr. Hazlemere and all his faculties, the utter ignoring of all possibilities for him except that of attendance upon herself. I will not go! was Hope's first, angry thought; but her second was of Miss Horton's need, not her insolence, and of shame for her own pettiness of spirit.

"Well?" asked Miss Horton, half-indignant at the long silence.

"I will come," said Hope.

"Oh you are very kind! Mr. Hazlemere, we shall see you, of course; or will you ride home with me?"

"Thank you; but I will wait for Hope."

The "Hope" slipped out naturally—lovingly. Miss Horton gathered her cloak about her with an air.

"Good-evening, then! Come early, Miss Easton."

An odor of violets was all that remained of this unexpected visitation, and Hope sat down to think it over. She was hard at it when John came back, having seen Miss Horton safely to her carriage; and looked such a pretty picture, sitting there in the half light, that he had much ado to sit down like a sensible man on the opposite side of the fire-place, and taking refuge in the first commonplace that came into his head, asked what she was thinking about.

"Constituting myself a Committee of Ways and Means; and at present reading the Honorable Committee is sorely puzzled to find some magic that will make a certain gray merino presentable at Mrs. Horton's; and uncertain how it will get time and strength to construct a Christmas-tree for Nellie, who has gone to sleep in full faith that God will have a tree ready grown in that opposite corner to salute her waking eyes."

"Dear little thing!" said John, looking straight at Hope. "Suppose the Committee imitates her simple faith, and leaves the tree where she left it; while as for the gray merino, in my opinion the Committee is at present in possession of all the magic that is requisite to make the dress the prettiest in the room."

Here Mrs. Easton and candles came in, and John disappeared. Hope clouded again. He had been absent two weeks, and could not sit out an hour with them quietly; though why should she care? she asked, spitefully, pulling her hair as she combed it out as if it had been his. Had the Fool-catcher any thing in his collection to match her? She had been happy because John Hazlemere had called her Hope, and complimented her gray merino. The insane asylum would have been too dignified a retreat for her. A refuge for idiots was the only shelter adapted to her case. She was thoroughly wretched, for of all quarrels those we sometimes hold with ourselves are the most hopeless. She had entertained ambitious projects of an unwonted knot of ribbons, and possibly a fuschia nestled in the coils of her hair; but she now dismissed them contemptuously with her other folly. In short, she was in a mood to extract as large an amount of discomfort as possible from the very smallest given quantity of material; and, what is quite inexcusable, was exceedingly sulky with John, refusing him her hand when he helped her into the carriage, and scarcely speaking twice during the ride to Mrs. Horton's.

Julia met them in the door.

"You are late, after all; every one is here" (as Hope, to her dismay, saw was but too true). "Miss Easton, I have a nice little corner that I reserved specially for you. I have stood guard over it valiantly, and I am not going to let any one come and disturb you. You have quite enough to do without being talked to and hindered. Mr. Hazlemere, you must come with me and make yourself useful. We are pressing every one into the service to-night."

Hope's "corner" was a recessed window, almost shut off from the drawing-room by its heavy curtains. There was a table with work-box and pasteboard, a basket of greens and an easy-chair. Clearly she was there to work—nothing else; all empty formulas of politeness were to be dispensed with; but so much the better. She had neither heart nor inclination to talk with any of the people there, only she would have been glad if her corner had been differently placed, or if she had only dared to draw the curtains, so that she need not see so exactly what Mr. Hazlemere and Miss Horton were doing. Certainly his sphere of usefulness was by no means an extended one, it consisting principally in revolving about Miss Horton, walking with her up and down the rooms, or helping her tie the wreaths when she was seized with an occasional spasm of industry. Impossible not to see that their fingers met and lingered on each other; that his hair brushed her cheek when he bent, as he frequently did, to whisper to her; and that, what with heightened color and sparkling eyes, and the dazzling contrast of her snowy skin and bright hair with the deep azure of her dress, she was positively radiant. Other eyes than Hope's were upon them. Hardly conscious of her presence behind the curtains, all the gossips in the room, as Fate would have it, discussed them and their prospects; and, much against their will, Hope found herself duly qualified to have given in the general vote concerning Mr. Hazlemere and Julia—how that "they were a handsome couple, just suited for one another, and that there could be no possible doubt that the match would take place before spring."

It was hard to listen—harder yet to feel that the hearing of such things was pain. Her cheeks burned, and tears fell on her work in spite of herself; in her heart she believed that God who loved her would have granted her heart's desire had it been well for her, but the cup was very bitter and hard to drink.

It was at this juncture that the curtains parted, and Louis Horton came in and sat down beside her.

"My sister has tabooed this corner," he said; "but I for one will not observe it. It is a shame to keep you here. Why, it is stifling! You look as if you had a fever. Come out and walk with me!"

"Oh, impossible! I haven't finished."

"Well, it is not your business more than theirs, is it? Every one else takes it easy enough. Suppose there are a few letters less in the church! Who will be the wiser? Let my sister and the Committee to which she belongs look to that. Positively you must come with me! But—how pretty that is?"

He had taken up a bunch of berries and shining leaves, and was holding them against her dark hair.

"You must wear them," he said, commencing to fasten them in her braids. "Don't be afraid! I am as deft as any femme-de-chambre of them all! Now when you meet a mirror you will confess that in three seconds I have achieved something prettier than all your evening's work."

And pretty indeed Hope looked, shrinking and turning away her flushed face shyly from his eager look; but not in John's eyes, who coming to look for her, saw and turned sorrowfully away, as Hope came out with Louis from what he styled her den. Louis went with her straight up to his sister.

"Your prisoner," he said, "pleaded hard to be let alone, but I was inexorable, for I thought it a shame to keep this one poor little thing hard at work while all the rest of you were lazily luxuriating; and, by-the-way, Julia, you may set some of those other people at work, for I don't intend to let her go back. She is under my charge now."

And once more that mal-apropos John came up in time to hear the concluding words of Louis's speech, and see the air of ownership with which he gave his arm to Hope and carried her off to a distant quarter of the room.

"Are you hungry?" he inquired, presently. "There is the usual fight going on about the supper-table, but 'only the brave deserve the fair;' and if you say the word— No? I can not say I am very sorry. I like better to look at you. It is such a relief after the blues and reds and yellows of the other girls, and their endless giggling and attitudinizing."

As vinegar upon nitre was all this nonsense to Hope's heavy heart. She thought of home and Nellie with a longing that amounted to pain; and seeing John pass caught him by the arm.

"Do take me home!" she urged. "I am so tired; and you know I must not disappoint Nellie."

"I have promised this next half hour to Miss Horton," he answered, gravely, "but I will go with you then; and you need not be uneasy about Nellie's tree. I will help you with it."

The red mounted to Hope's very temples.

"I will go!" she said to herself, passionately. "I will go!" Louis, who had left her for a moment, was coming back, but she slipped out of a door near by, before he could reach her, to the dressing-room, found her cloak and hood, and stole out by the back stairs, knowing well that Louis would wait for her and stop her in the front hall.

So eager was she for the rest and shelter of home, and so mortally afraid of being pursued, that she ran till she reached her own door, when she found that she was crying. All was dark and quiet in the little house; her mother and Nellie fast asleep long ere this, and only the dimmest possible light in the little sitting-room, where in one corner stood something tall and dark, with wide-spreading, fragrant branches, holding all manner of mysterious packages, and gleaming with tapers and gilded balls.

This was what John had busied himself about! this the explanation of his indifference to her appeal! As she had always found him in all the year of his stay at her mother's house, so had he proved himself now—generous, thoughtful, and tender even of a child's fancies. And she! it would be hard to tell how unutterably she hated and despised herself. Soon she heard him in the hall. He was coming into the room, and there was no escape for her. She must sit still and meet him.

He came in and stood for a while by her in silence. At last,

"Why did you run away?" he asked.

"You know. I wished to make something for Nellie's Christmas."

"You had no confidence in me?"

"How could I know—?"

"You might have placed some small trust in me. At least I hoped till now that you did. Did you come alone?"

"Yes."

"Imprudent to a degree, as well as insulting to me."

"Insulting! you mean that! Are you angry?" For it had never occurred to her that this last great evil could happen, and that John could actually be angry.

"I am. I think I have a right to be."

What could she say? She could not explain. He had never asked to know what was in her heart, and she could find no words that would not betray her. So, after waiting moodily for the answer that she could not find, he left her with a curt good-night.

The next night was Christmas Eve, and Nellie, who had all day been quite sure "that God was growing a Christmas-tree for her in the parlor, because Hope had so carefully excluded her," was at last allowed to enter. John came also, dressed to spend the evening with Miss Horton, and saw with one glance that Hope had laid the parcels bearing her name unopened on the table.

"You have not looked at your gifts," he said, coldly.

"No," returned Hope. "I want something more."

"Indeed!"

"I want forgiveness, your forgiveness," she went on, timidly, and blushing very much.

"For what?"

"For whatever it was that made you angry."

"Truly you are incorrigible!" burst out John suddenly, at boiling heat; then instantly freezing again.

"I beg your pardon. I have no right to be angry or to forgive you. It was a piece of unpardonable impertinence in me."

"You will not be friends, then."

John looked at her fixedly.

"You women are curious, inconsistent things. I could almost think—"

Here Nellie suddenly intervened.

"Oh! Hope, here is your letter—the one that you dropped out of your dress this morning. I forgot it till I found it just now in my pocket, where I have had it all the time."

As she held it out John's quick eye caught the signature, recognized the handwriting. He seized it, holding it high above Hope's head, who vainly tried to reach it; finding that useless, grew pale, then burning red, covered her face with her hands, and tried to make her escape, but he stepped between her and the door, and inexorably held it fast.

"Not yet," he said, with a half smile. "This letter was mine, is now your mother's; what were you doing with her property?"

"Oh! please let me go," was the answer.

"Not I. I have too many questions to ask you; and, first, if you care so much for the letter, how much do you care for the writer?"

Large tear-drops began to find their way through Hope's clasped fingers.

"I think you would hardly weep if you knew how joyful my heart is," whispered John, softly. "I have waited and hoped so long, and, latterly, I feared, in vain; I thought I had lost you."

Hope looked up suddenly, smiling.

"And that visit."

"What visit?"

"That you were to pay Miss Horton."

"I shall go, unless—"

"Well?"

"Unless I am bribed with a gift—a Christmas gift."

Hope's answer was too low for other ears than John to hear; but that he obtained his gift I have no doubt, since their wedding cards are lying on the table before me.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL FOR 1862.

THE skies are dun, the trees are stiff,
  The earth is gray and old;
The frost is glittering, as if
  The very sun were cold.
And men have lost their heritage—
  No sweat is on their brow:
Come, Babe, and bring them work and wage,
  Be born, and save us now.

Across the sea, beyond our sight,
  Roars on the fierce debate;
Down go the men in bloody fight,
  The women weep and hate.
And in the right, be which that may,
  Surely the strife is long:
Come thou, O Child, thy lowly way,
  And right will have no wrong.

Good men speak lies against thine own—
  Tongues quick, and hearing slow;
They will not let thee walk alone,
  And think to serve thee so:
If they the children's freedom saw,
  In thee, the children's king,
They would be still with holy awe,
  Or only speak to sing.

Some neither lie, nor starve, nor fight,
  Nor yet the poor deny;
But in their hearts all is not right—
  They often sit and sigh.
We need thee every day and hour,
  In sunshine and in snow:
Child-King, we pray with all our power,
  Be born, and save us so.

We are but men and women, Lord;
  Thou art a gracious child:
Oh, fill our hearts, and heap our board,
  Of grace, this winter wild.
And though the trees be sad and bare,
  Hunger and Hate about,
Come, Child, and ill deeds and ill fare
  Will soon be driven out.

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